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COMPILER

**AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY**

Alexander Pope



ALEXANDER POPE

From a portrait in the Bruckmann Collection

THE COTTER'S

Their masters an' their m'stress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey,
"An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight to jink or play
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
Aa' mind your duty duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gars astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might.
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a tap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flesh her cheek.

AN EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
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THE COTTER'S

I've paced much this weary, mortal
round,

And sage experience bids me this de-
clare—

“If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleas-
ure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the ev'ning gale”

Is there, in human form, that' bears a
heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth,

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth,

Are honour, virtue, conscience, 'all
exil'd?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er
their child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their
distraction wild!

THE COTTER'S

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the no-
blest aim,
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling mea-
sures rise,
Or plaintive *Maryn's*, worthy of the
name,
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'nward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are
tame,
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt rapture
raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator
praise

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,
How Abram was the friend of God on
high,
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire,
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire,
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

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mantic time. For convenience therefore there are included no poems and no selections from poems in this volume that were not published between A.D. 1700 and A.D. 1800 though to speak frankly that defrauds the eighteenth century of some of the literary laurels that of right belong to it.

The most cursory survey of the past suggests the conclusion that some centuries have been more self confident more self complacent than others and that while some have been modest diffident distrustful and even depressed concerning themselves some have manifested striking self satisfaction and an arrogant attitude towards their predecessors. One is disposed to think the nineteenth century the most conspicuous offender in these respects and there are indications that its habit of self glorification combined with depreciation of more remote epochs may be continued in the new century on which we have lately entered. An absolutely judicial comparison among them would probably end by leading us to conclude that none are marked by any real superiority over the rest but that some exhibit more activity in directions and departments of human energy for which we happen to feel special sympathy and admiration. Like individual critics an age which

A Storm on the East Coast

(FROM THE BOROUGH,
LETTER I)

View now the Winter storm! above, one
cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-
shroud
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day
before
Had roll'd in' view of boding men on
shore,
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd
his form,
Dark as the cloud and furious as the
storm
All where the eye delights yet dreads to
roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change, the waves so swell'd
and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken
swells,

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sits in self-appointed judgment on its pre-decessors, if it does nothing more, criticises itself, and affords us a criterion by which to estimate it in turn Goethe used to say that you may generally surmise a man's character by observing what he ridicules It would, I think, be at least equally safe to classify him by what he admires or depreciates The point is not an unimportant one, for when its full significance is well grasped, one is protected against ill-balanced and incomplete comparisons Not ordinary persons alone, but highly reputed historians as well, are in the habit of speaking of the Middle Ages as dark, and the Renaissance which succeeded it as a period when the mind was stirred from sloth and liberated from fetters It is not easy for individual minds, and it is still more difficult for collective minds, to liberate themselves from the fetters of conventional speech, or it would probably occur to many who are at present unconscious of the fact that the real difference between the intellectual condition of the Middle Ages and the intellectual attitude of the Renaissance, is not that the first did not think at all, and that the second thought freely, actively, and expansively, but that one thought in a different way from the other, and that in these days we

An Entanglement

(OMT LSSD
THE HLL)

(The following is an ext act f om one of the *Tales of the Hall* entitled Day has Dange A young man who is happily engaged to be marr d finds himself during a sit in a friend's house partly through his own weakness nd folly partly through the cunn ng designs of oth s comapr to sed in his relat ons with a girl f nferior stat and ns gnificant attractions The dialogue that ensues s between the unwilling lo r and the gis adopt d parents who are upper servants in his host s house and who ba ing brought about the entanglement now affect to encoura e the lover in his timid ad an es)

An orphan maid—your patience! you
shall have
Your time to speak I now attention
crave—
Fanny dear girl! has in my spouse and
me
Friends of a kind we wish our friends to
be
None of the poorest—nay sir, no reply
You shall not need—and we are born to
die

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much prefer the later to the earlier way
since it is more akin to our own

I scarcely think it is an exaggeration to say that in satisfaction with itself and in depreciation of other periods no century has equalled the nineteenth century and much if not most of its self flattering comparison has been devoted to its immediate forerunner the eighteenth with which it is my task here to deal. Looked at from a suitable distance and in its broad aspect the eighteenth century strikes one as dominated by Reason if by Reason be meant the reasoning faculty or habit. But if people reason rationally they must have something to reason about and something to reason about the substance and elements of which are more or less accurately known. The eighteenth century was interested in and occupied itself mainly concerning Social Man and this disposition was naturally shown in its literature its poetry included. Had its poets reasoned about Man thus defined in the same way exactly as they did about him in prose and only put their reasoning into verse they would not have produced poetry at all. Wordsworth's definition of poetry as Reason in her most exalted mood and Matthew Arnold's phrase Reason touched by

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Emotion", come opportunely here to the purpose of our investigation. None but those rendered inaccessible to evidence by an exaggerated and exclusive worship of romantic emotion would dream of denying that the poetry of the eighteenth century, which was animated and suffused by reason, was in some degree touched by emotion, though it would be a quite defensible position to argue that it is not touched by emotion sufficiently. Examples furnish the best means of submitting such aspersions to an adequate touchstone, and, with this object in view, I will cite a few familiar passages that will serve as a sufficient test. After enumerating, in *The Traveller*, the various foreign lands he had visited, Goldsmith thus goes on, in what seems to me a sustained tone of exquisite pathos, thus to express himself —

"Where'er I roam, whatever Realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and
care,

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Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
view

That like the circle bounding earth and
skies

Allured from far yet as I follow flies
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone
And finds no spot of all the world my own

Let school taught pride dissemble all it can
These little things are great to man
And witness he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall
To see the hoard of human bliss so small
And oft I yearn amid these scenes to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned
Where my worn soul each wandering hope at
rest

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest

The same deep feeling and the like presence of pathetic expression are to be seen not only in passages of *The Deserted Village* but throughout the whole poem which as a boy one knew by heart and most of which lingers in one's memory still

In all my wanderings round this world of
care

In all my griefs and God has given my share

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I still had hopes my latest hour to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose

And, as a hare whom horn and hounds pursue,

Pants to the place from which at first it drew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares that never can be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like
these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And, all his prospects brightening to the
last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be
past '

In all these passages the notes both of human nature and of humanity are clearly and distinctly struck What really happens in this world, and happens to all more or less, is their subject-matter, and they are handled with deep imaginative and emotional sympathy, and with perfect mastery over verse and music If these are not the

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natural and enduring elements of poetry one knows not where to find them There is no straining after effect no posturing no literary affectation but every line is prompted by what in another line is called

the luxury of doing good Through hout them we hear the tenderly breathed subconsciousness of the silent sorrow at the heart of things But this prompts to no rebellion against the universal dispensation nor to violent and spasmodic ejaculations The feeling and emotion expressed are not sudden and passing but profound and lasting and compassion is manifested with pious moderation for the sufferings of men and women generally not for individual natures supposed to be exceptional of whom we have heard too much in poetry of an epoch nearer to our own Yet that Goldsmith could rise to a wide conception and just generalization concerning the world's affairs in general and express that sentiment in elevated adequate and I should say prophetic language the following passage from *The Deserted Village* amply testifies —

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree
How ill exchanged art thou for these for
thee!

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How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness
grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own,
At every draught more large and large they
grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
Till, sapped their strength, and every part
unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread their ruin
round !

The antithesis, however, on which the literary criticism of the nineteenth century has so frequently and all but universally expatiated, between its poetry and the poetry of the eighteenth century, would perhaps be found to turn mainly on the estimate as a poet of Alexander Pope. For Matthew Arnold I share the warm admiration of most men of letters, and the personal liking he inspired in those who knew him, and that he was a sane and searching critic of poetry few, if any, would deny. But I have always felt it was in a moment of excessive and inadvertent amiability towards writers of his acquaintance, and what is vaguely called the "spirit of the time", that he incidentally made the observation that the poetry of Pope perhaps be-

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longed with to our prose than to our poetic literature. I can conceive no concession to the prejudice of others in it an unfortunate or mere unadvised "we" were being among us today. I should not hesitate to ask him how he could allow himself to be entrapped in it. Or I am sure he could not possibly have recited thus but it. One can see the smile of derision, & if exculpation that would have come at his face and the shrink of an effort at aberration to which he would have manifestly confessed. I can answer for it that no such opinion was for a moment entertained by Tennessee with whom in his garden at Aldsworth I once had an interesting talk respecting Pope till very recently concerning Milton. He spoke with the most prompt admiration of Pope and when I asked him if he did not think that if the lines in the *Lycidas* & *The Sætters*

Yet I am proud I must be good to see
Men not afraid of God after before

would not have been quoted as an example of the sublime had they figured in a famous tragedy he readily and cordially admitted and Tennessee will surely be accepted as one of the foremost poets of the

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Romantic movement, though in reality rarely ceasing, though I must not linger on that point here, to be classical in expression. Matthew Arnold, to revert to him for a moment, wisely counselled his readers to think, in respect of sanctity, with the saints, and, in regard to poetry, with the poets, and Byron never desisted from proclaiming his enthusiastic admiration for Pope as a poet. "I will show more imagery", he writes, "in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy", and he proceeds to justify the assertion by quoting and analysing the passage on Lord Hervey, in the character of *Sporus*. Referring to Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, which has been so much belittled by recent critics, I suspect because Pope was describing the feelings of other people, and not his own, he writes "Such a subject never was, nor ever could be, treated with more delicacy, mingled, at the same time, with such true and intense passion", and I suppose Byron knew something about true and intense passion "All that it had of passionate", he continues, "Pope has beautified, all that it had of holy he has hallowed". In another passage, evidently dictated by enthusiastic emotion, Byron writes "Ne-

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ther time nor distance nor grief nor age can ever diminish my reverence for him who is the great moral poet of all times of all climes of all feelings and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood the study of my manhood perhaps (if allowed me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age His poetry is the Book of Life Without canting and yet without neglecting religion he has collected all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty

Great though be the authority of Byron on such a subject once more let me betake myself to the only conclusive test that of quotation from Pope's poetry in support of the contention that he has written page after page of reason touched by emotion in adequate poetic form

Lo the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind

His soul proud science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk or milky way

Yet simple nature to his hope has given Behind the cloud topped hill an humbler heaven

Some safer world in depth of wood embraced

Some happier island in the watery waste,

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Where slaves once more their native land
 behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
 gold
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company
Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or' gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high
 care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God'

Pantheism has been, in a vague sort of way, much in fashion, both in verse and conversation, during the last fifty years Its advocates might turn, if they would, to Pope's eighteenth-century exposition of that creed

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed through all, and yet in all the
 same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,

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Warm in the sun refreshes in the breeze
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees
Lives through all life extends through all
extent !

Spreads undivided operates unspent
Breathes in our soul informs our mortal
part

As full as perfect in a hair as heart
As full as perfect in vile Man that mourns
As the rapt Seaph that adores and burns
To Him no high no low no great no small
He fills He bounds connects and equals all

I would recommend my readers to turn
to the first thirty lines of Epistle II in the
same poem But the closing passage of
the entire poem must not be omitted here
its evidence is so valuable

Come then my friend! my genius! come
along

O master of the poet and the song!
And while the muse now stoops or now
ascends

To man's low passions or their glorious
ends

Teach me like thee in various nature wise
To fall with dignity with temper rise
Found by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay from lively to severe
Correct with spirit eloquent with ease
Intent to reason or polite to please

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Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust
 repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were
 thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful ait
From sounds to things, from fancy to the
 heart,
For wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride, Whatever is is right;
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim,
That true Self-Love and Social are the same,
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, Ourselves to know.

In estimating the relative position of a poet, and the relative value of his poetry, we should not forget its volume, if excellent on the whole, but, still more, its variety. This is a point of which recent criticism and popular taste have lost sight almost entirely. If Shakespeare had written nothing but *Hamlet*, he would still have to be regarded as the poet possessing the largest amount of the highest poetic genius. But that he should have written likewise *Romeo*

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and *Juliet* and *A Winter's Tale* necessarily increases enormously our estimate of his powers. In thinking of Pope we must if we are to weigh him in just scales think of him not merely as the author of this or that work of his but as the author of the *Satires* and *The Rape of the Lock* and *Moral Essays* and the *Essay on Man* and *The Dunciad* and *Eloisa to Abelard* to say nothing of his translation of the *Iliad*. It is the immense amount of poetic ground he covers that should not be overlooked. *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* are not more unlike each other in subject and treatment than are the *Essay on Man* and *The Rape of the Lock*. De Quincey, a literary critic of rare taste and penetration and one any thing but prepossessed in favour of Pope writes of *The Rape of the Lock* as "the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers." Hazlitt affirmed it to be the most excellent specimen of poetic filigree work ever invented to be made of gauze and spangles and every thing glittering. A toilet he continues is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the Goddess of Vanity and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared no profusion of ornament no splendour of

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poetic diction, to set off the meanest things " He concludes by asserting that the poem is the perfection of the mock-heroic Even a more recent critic, an eminent university professor of our own time, allows that it is so exquisite in its peculiar style of art as to make the task of searching for faults almost hopeless, and that of commending beauties simply impertinent, and Byron has told us that if we are in search of invention, imagination, and character, we had better look for them in this poem, which had no predecessor, and has had no happy successor in the language

I have purposely cited the opinions of writers nearer to our own time, and who might not unreasonably be surmised to have some bias in favour of the modern Romantic School But there were critics before the second half of the nineteenth century, and their estimate of *The Rape of the Lock* must not be omitted from consideration Warton's is still a commanding name in literary criticism, and, amongst other eulogiums by him on *The Rape of the Lock*, he recalls that some of the most candid among French critics had begun 'to acknowledge that their 'language possesses no' poem in point of sublimity and majesty equal to *Paradise Lost*, and there-

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upon adds that it may with like truth be affirmed that in point of delicacy elegance and fine turned raillery in which the French might be expected to excel over every other people they have nothing to show equal to *The Rape of the Lock*. Johnson was of opinion that if *The Rape of the Lock* should not be called original, nothing original can ever be written and that in it new things are made familiar and familiar things are made new. Finally Johnson justly remarked that the subtle delicacies of humour satire language and invention which mingle largely with the more obvious beauties of *The Rape of the Lock* can be perceived only when the taste has been quickened by the early culture of letters. This observation is peculiarly applicable to the taste of to-day which has for the most part not been quickened by the early culture of letters in the sense which is the just sense of the phrase employed by Johnson. Just as no one quite understands the English language who has not a moderately familiar acquaintance with Latin since the one so largely underlies the other so no one can be a correct judge of the poetry of any one period or any one nation, unless he have a fairly good acquaintance with the poetry

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of other periods, and with the literature of other communities, and of the vast majority of English readers of to-day, even of those who are commonly spoken of as educated, assuredly that could not be truthfully affirmed Of equal pertinence is Byron's incidental observation, that the beauty of Pope's versification has withdrawn attention from his other excellencies, since the vulgar eye will rest more on the splendour and perfect fit of the uniform than on the quality of the troops, that, because his versification is perfect, it is widely assumed that it is only perfect and nothing more, that, because his truths are so clearly put, he has no invention, and, because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius Furthermore, he points out, we are sneeringly told that he is "The Poet of Reason", adding "as if this was a reason for his being no poet!" Perhaps I ought to say that I should not have cited all the foregoing critical testimony in favour of a just estimate of Pope as a poet, if I did not, on the whole, agree with' it

It may, 'perhaps, seem that I have lingered 'somewhat long on' the writings and various' estimates of Pope, and have devoted to 'these too much of the space

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at my disposal. But without saying that in the sphere of poetry Pope is the eighteenth century indeed far from saving it since to do so would be to commit the error I have indicated of taking the half for the whole and overlooking the important point of variety nevertheless in the thoughts of most people of to-day Pope stands out and rightly stands out as the leading type and chief representative of the poetry of that period and so his works occupy a greater number of pages in this volume than those of any other writer. But the poems of the eighteenth century can without losing in any respect their distinctive character include poetry which no competent reader would for a moment imagine to be by Pope. His works are not only social in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the word but likewise in the narrower sense that their themes are for the most part suggested by society of a refined and highly educated kind. He discourses but little and only indirectly and inferentially of the poor and humble. That was left to Goldsmith and Crabbe and if in a less degree to Cowper. The element of pathos so important and effective a one in poetry was never sustained at greater length than in *The Deserter*.

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Village, and the pathos arises from true sympathy with the simple and the lowly. It likewise prompted and underlies most of *The Traveller*. In these poems we have not to do with what Gray calls

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise";

but the needs, hopes, emotions, of the modestly circumstanced, with every round of the clock. Goldsmith was not, like Pope, the intimate companion of the comfortably erudite, of scholarly and ambitious church dignitaries, and of the titled dilettanti of the day, nor could he have said, as Pope did, with almost pardonable arrogance

"I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend".

On the contrary, his birth, education, and experience were amongst the more unpretentious but, perhaps, more tender spheres of life, and he might indeed have applied to himself the line from Virgil

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco

Everyone knows Gray's quatrain,

"To each his sufferings, all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The feeling, for another's pain,
The unfeeling, for his own"

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Goldsmith sorrowed for both. But neither individual nor general suffering ever wrung from him or from any eighteenth century poet those vociferations of rebellion and those sighs of pessimism that are only too prominent in the writers of verse in more modern times alike in England in France and in Italy. In his own wise pious language resignation gently sloped the way "for him as for all his contemporaries." No such note was struck by any of them as sounds in the verse of Leopardi in *Queen Mab* *The Revolt of Islam* and other poems of Shelley and in a host of French writers of verse in later times a note of insurrectionary bitterness against the general dispensation. The same humble resignation to and reconciliation with life as it is is uppermost again in the most celebrated of Gray's poems *The Flea* written in a Country Churchyard which would never have been written perhaps by Pope but which we owe to one even more cultured who could boast an equal number of eminent friends and was equally sheltered against what he pertinently calls chill penury. *The Flea* is perhaps not one of the greatest poems in the language but it is perhaps the one best known and therefore the most appreciated. It touches

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the poets who have used the heroic couplet I hope himself not excepted and though the style of the two poets is as different as their genius he is the best writer in verse of every dialogue. How close how deep was his understanding of the poor the following passage from *The Village* eloquently betrays —

Nor you ye poor of letter'd scorn complain
To you the smoothest thing is smooth in vain;
Overcome by labour and bowed down by time
Feel you the barren flattery of rhyme?
Can poets soothe you when you pine for bread
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
Can they right tales your eighty griefs o'er
power
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour
Lo! where the heath with withering brake
grown o'er
Lies the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor
From thence a light of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds that every art and care doth
Reign over the land and roll the blighted eye
There the thistles stretch their prickly arms afar
And to the ragged infant threaten war
There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil;
There the blight hangs on the sterile soil;
Hills and high above the slender sheaf
The narrow waves her sky leaf

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O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade,
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around "

In order to show, by yet further examples, that the poetry of the eighteenth century is as various as it is voluminous, let us retrace our steps a few years, and recall the best-known of the poems by Collins, the *Ode to Evening*, and the *Ode to the Passions*. It may be doubted if any poem written in the nineteenth century offers a representation at once more true and more imaginative of external nature, than the *Ode to Evening*, and it is in this respect that nineteenth-century poets have repeatedly been said, and are generally believed, to show so great a superiority over those of the eighteenth. Indeed, some have gone so far as to assert that the superiority is one, not of degree, but of kind, since the kind is not to be found in the eighteenth century at all. It is quite impossible to maintain any such contention after reading the thirteen stanzas that compose the *Ode to Evening*. All the stanzas are equally striking and perfect, so I select

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two for passing quotation here as the phrase is at random

But when chill blustering wind or driving
rain

Forb'd my willing feet be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods

And hamlets brown and dim-discovered
spires

And hears their ample bell and marks o'er
all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual haly veil

This eighteenth century *Ode to Evening*
is to say no more the equal of Shelley's
nineteenth-century *Ode to the West Wind*

It is generally assumed with an utter disregard of date that Burns, Wordsworth and Coleridge are nineteenth century poets the second of the three wholly so. Yet Burns was born in 1759 only nine years after the middle of the eighteenth century and died four years before it closed. Wordsworth was born in 1770 and published *Lyrical Ballads* in which are some of his best lyrics in 1798 and in the same volume appeared the *Incident Mariner* and no one who bears in mind what has been said of *The Rake of the Lock* and Collins

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Ode to Evening would be disposed to contravene the statement that the *Arcueil Mariner*, and some of Wordsworth's most romantic descriptions of external nature, have as much kinship with them as with any poems indisputably belonging to the nineteenth century. The moment Burns writes in the English tongue proper, as distinguished from the Lower Scottish dialect, one perceives at once that he is writing under the influence of his eighteenth-century predecessors. But not sufficient note has been taken of the circumstance that, even in his poems written in the Scottish dialect, Burns had a predecessor in Robert Fergusson, who was born in 1750 and died in 1774, and whom, in that section of his poems to which he mainly, and justly, owes his fame, Burns much resembles. By whom are the following stanzas written? By Burns, or by Fergusson?

“Auld Reekie! thou’rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a caldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth

“Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawning of the year,

INTRODUCTION

Let Hates me innocence appear
To crown our joy
Nor envy a sarcastic sneer
Our bliss de trop

And thou great God of avar'cise
Who swirr'st the Empire of this city—
When sou we're somet mes capernotys—
Be thou prepared
To hedge u' fane that black banditti
The City Guard!

Let dispassionate readers peruse the above
which might be multiplied by quotations
that would cover pages or the *Ode to the
Cloudspink*—Inglest goldlunch—beginning

I rat felds where Sprng her sweets has
Bawn
Wi' call'r verdore o'er the laun
The gowd pink comes in new attire
The bravest mang the whistling choir
That ere the sun can cl ar his een
Wi' gl b notes rain the summer a green

and they w'll I think inevitably feel that
had Dryden and Burns been born south
of the Borders English critics would have
assereted that the latter w'ls an imitator
and plagiarist of the former. But no one
w'd dur the courage I imagine to
make such a suggestion in face of the storm

INTRODUCTION

of angry and perfectly equitable protest that would burst from the whole Scottish race in defence of its national poet.

Much might be said here of Cowper, who, born in 1731, died in the last year of the eighteenth century, much, whether as a descriptive poet, a skilled and severe, but wholly serious, moral, and humanist, one imbued with the genuinely tender and philanthropic spirit often supposed to be the outcome of a later time, and as a supreme master of the heroic couplet, the most frequent form of expression with eighteenth-century poets; and there are minor eighteenth-century poets, such as Beattie, Thompson, Young, and Akenside, of whom nothing has been said whatever. For my object will have been attained if, after reading this essay, and re-reading the poems included in this volume, people perceive, or are recalled to the perception, that, should Shakespeare be left out of account, in respect of whom none is *aut pars aut secundus*, the eighteenth century produced a body of poetry that may successfully stand comparison with that of any other period of English Literature. The Age of Reason that century may have been, and its poetry may in that respect display the dominant

INTRODUCTION

tendency of the time. But it is the poetry of Reason touched by emotion, abounding in subject matter and criticism of life. It is not Reason in her most exalted mood. For that we must turn to Shakespeare. But neither is it exaltation untouched by and devoid of reason or subject as is so much later poetry that has been excessively extolled at its expense. This is not the place nor this the occasion to state the principles and the canons that underlie all the greater poetry of whatever period it may be. But this short essay has been written in harmony with those principles and those canons as I understand them.

ALFRED AUSTIN

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An Essay on Man

EPISTLE I

Argument of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe

Of *Man in the Abstract* —I That we can judge only w^th regard to our own system being ignorant of the relations of systems and things II That Man is not to be deemed *in perfect* but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation agreeable to the general Order of things and conformable to *Ends and Relations* to him unknown III That it's partly upon his ignorance of future events and partly upon the *hope* of a future time that all his happiness n the present depend IV The pride of aiming at more knowledge and pretending to more Perfection the cause of Man's error and misery The *impetu* of putting himself n the place of *God* and judging of the fitness or unfitness perfection or imperfect on justice or injustice of his dispensations V The absurdity of conceit ng himself the final cause of the creation or expecting that per

AN ESSAY ON MAN

fection in the *moral* world, which is not in the *natural* VI The *unreasonable ness* of his complaints against *Providence*, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes, though, to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable VII That throughout the whole visible world, an universal *order* and *gradation* in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man The gradations of *sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason*, that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties VIII How much farther this *order* and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us, were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected *creation* must be destroyed IX The *extravagance, madness, and pride*, of such a desire X The consequence of all, the *absolute submission* due to *Providence*, both as to our *present and future state*

Awake, my ST JOHN! leave all 'meaner things

To low ambition, and the pride of Kings
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

A nughty maze' but not without a plan
A Wild where weeds and flowers pro-
miscuous shoot
Or Garden tempting with forbidden fruit
Together let us beat this ample field
Try what the open what the covert yield
The Intent tracts the giddy heights ex-
plore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar
Eye Nature's walks shoot Folly as it flies
And catch the Manners living as they rise
Laugh where we must be candid where
we can
But vindicate the ways of God to Man

I

Say first of God above or Man below
What can we reason but from what we
know?
Of Man what see we but his station here
From which to reason or to which refer?
Thro worlds unnumber'd tho the God be
known
Tis ours to trace him only in our own
He who thro vast immensity can pierce
See worlds on worlds compose one uni-
verse
Observe how system into system runs
What other Planets circle other suns

AN ESSAY ON MAN

What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we
are
But of this frame the bearings, and the
ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the
whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to
agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or
thee?

II

Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldest
thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so
blind? .. .
First, if thou canst, the harder reason
guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no
less? .. .
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are
made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they
shade?
Or ask of yonder aigent fields above,
Why JOVE'S Satellites are less than JOVE?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess,

IV ESSAY: DIV MIV

That Wisdom infinite must form the best
Where all must full or not coherent be
And all that rises rise in due degree
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain

There must be somewhere such a rank
as Man

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting Man whatever wrong we call

May must be right as relative to all
In human works tho labour'd on with pain

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain //

In Gods one single can its end produce
Yet serves to second too some other use
So Man who here seems principal alone
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown

Touches some wheel or verges to some goal

'Tis but a part we see and not A whole
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains

His fiery course or drives him o'er the plains //

AN ESSAY ON MAN

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks
the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God
Then shall Man's pride and dulness com-
prehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and
end,
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd,
and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n
in fault,
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought
His knowledge measur'd to his state and
place,
His time a moment, and a point his space
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or
there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago

III

Heav'n from all creatures hides the
book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present
state
From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know

A N ESSAY ON M A Y

Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy' not dooms to bleed to day
Had he thy Reason would he skip and
play?

Pleis'd to the last he crops the flow ry
food

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
blood

Oh blindness to the future! kindly given
That each may fill the circle mark'd by
Heavn

Who sees with equal eye as God of all
A hero perish or a sparrow fall
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
And now a bubble burst and now a
world

Hope humbly then with trembling
pinions soar

Wait the great teacher Death and God
adore

What future bliss he gives not thee to
know

But gives that Hope to be thy blessing
now

Hope springs eternal in the human breast
Man never Is but always To be blest
The soul uneasy and confind from home
Rests and expatiates in a life to come

To the poor Indian' whose untutor d
mind

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

IV

Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Yet cry If Man's unhappy, God's unjust
If Man alone ingross not Heaven's high
care

Alone made perfect here immortal there
Snatch from his hand the balance and
the rod

Re judge his justice be the God of God
In Pride in reasoning Pride our error lies
All quit their sphere and rush into the
skies

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes
Men would be Angels Angels would be
Gods

Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell
Aspiring to be Angels Men rebel
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER sins against th Eternal Cause

v

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies
shine
Earth for whose use? Pride answers
Tis for mine

For me kind Nature wakes her genial
power

Suckles each herb and spreads out every
flower

Annual for me the grape the rose renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew

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AN ESSAY ON MAN

For me, the mine a thousand treasures
 brings,
For me, health gushes from a thousand
 springs,
Seas roll to wast me, suns to light me
 rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies ”
 But errs not Nature from this gracious
 end,
From burning suns when livid deaths
 descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tem-
 pests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the
 deep?
“ No (’t is reply’d) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen’ral laws,
Th’ exceptions few, some change since
 all began
And what created perfect?” — Why then
 Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do
 less?
As much that end a constant course re-
 quires
Of show’rs and sun-shine, as of Man’s
 desires,
As much eternal springs and cloudless
 skies,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

As Men for ever tempt rate calm and wise
If plagues or earthquakes break not
Heav'n's design

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He whose hand the light
ning forms

Who heaves old Ocean and who wings the
storms

Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge
mankind?

From pride from pride our very reason
ing springs

Account for moral as for natural things
Why charge we Heav'n in those in these
acquit?

In both to reason right is to submit
Better for Us perhaps it might appear
Were there all harmony all virtue here
That never air or ocean felt the wind
That never passion discomposed the mind
But ALL subsists by elemental strife
And Passions are the elements of Life
The general ORDER since the whole began
Is kept in Nature and is kept in Man

VI

What would this Man? Now upward
will he soar

AN ESSAY ON MAN

And little less than Angel, "ould be more,
Now looking downwards, just as prou'd
appears

To want the strength of bull, the fur of
beare

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs
of ill?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs as-
sign'd,

Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of
force,

All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man
alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd
with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that bless-
ing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind,
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

To inspect a mite not comprehend the
heav'n?
Or touch if tremblingly alive all o'er
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears;
And stunn'd him with the music of the
spheres
How would he wish that Heaven had left
him still
The whispering Zephyr and the purling
rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and
wise
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII

Far as Creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual mental powers as
cends
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial
race
From the green myriads in the peopled
grass
What modes of sight betwixt each wide
extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's
beam

AN LESSON ON MAN

Of smell, the headlong hastes between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green
Of hearing, from the life that fills the
flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal
wood
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the
line
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poi's'nous herbs extracts the healing
dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'ling
swine,
Compr'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with
thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice
barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought
divide
And Middle natures, how they long to
join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they
be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'r's in one?

AN ESSAY ON MAN

VIII

See thro this air this ocean and this earth

All matter quick and bursting into birth
Above how high progressive life may go!
Around how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began

Natures æthereal human angel man
Beast bird fish insect what no eye can see

No glass can reach from Infinite to thee
From thee to Nothing — On superior powers

Were we to press inferior might on ours
Or in the full creation leave a void

Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike

Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike

And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole
The least confusion but in one not all
That system only but the Whole must fall
Let Earth unbalanced from her orb t fly
Planets and Suns run lawless thro the sky

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Let ruling Angels from their spheres be
hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on
world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of
God
All this dread ORDER break—for whom?
for thee?
Vile worm!—O Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to
tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling
Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or
pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains
All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all
the same,

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Great in the earth is in th ethereal
frame

Warms in the sun refreshes in the breeze
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the
trees

Lives thro all life extends thro all extent
Spreads undivided operates unspent
Breathes in our soul informs our mortal
part

As full is perfect in a hair as heart
As full as perfect in the Man that
mourns

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns
To Him no high no low no great no
small

He fills He bounds connects and equals
all

x

Cease then nor ORDER Imperfection
name

Our proper bliss depends on what we
blame

Know thy own point This kind this due
degree

Of blindness weakness Heavn bestows on
thee

Submit --In this or any other sphere
Secure to be is blest as thou canst bear
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r

AN ESSAY ON MAN

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst
not see,
All Discord, Harmony not understood,
All partial Evil, universal Good
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
sprise,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS
RIGHT

Prologue to the Satires

P Shut shut the door good John¹¹
fatigued I said
Tye up the knocker say I m sick I m
dead
The Dog star rages! nij tis past a
doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out
Fire in each eye and papers in each hand
They rive recite and madden round the
land
What walls can guard me or what
shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets thro my Grot
they glide
By land by water they renew the charge
They stop the chariot and they board the
barge
No place is sacred not the Church Is free
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to
me

¹¹ John Serle his servant

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Then from the Mint walks forth the Man
of rhyme,
Happy' to catch me, just at Dinner-time
Is there a Parson, much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to
cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should en-
gross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper,
scrawls
With desp'rare charcoal round his darken'd
walls?
All fly to Twit'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the
cause
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope
Friend to my Life! (which did not you
prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague
remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or
love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read
me dead

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge how
wretched I I
Who can't be silent and who will not lye
To laugh were want of goodness and of
grace
And to be grave exceeds all Pow'r of
face

I sit with sad civility I read
With honest anguish and an aching head
And drop at last but in unwilling ears
This saving counsel Keep your piece
nine years

Nine years! cries he who high in Drury
lane
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken
pane

Rhymes ere he wakes and prints before
Term ends

Oblig'd by hunger and request of friendst
The piece you think is incorrect? why
take it

I'm all submission what you d have it
make it !

Three things another's modest wishes
bound

My Friendship and a Prologue and ten
pound

Pitholeon sends to me: You know his
Grace

I want a Patron ask him for a lace

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no
better

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to
dine,

He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine"
Bless me! a packet—" 'T is a stranger
sues,

A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse" "
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!" "
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage" "
There (thank my stars) my whole commis-
sion ends,

The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath
I'll print it,

And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir,
with Lintot"

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price
too much

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch" "
All my demurs but double his attacks, !
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go
'snacks"

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no
more

'T is sung, when Midas' Ears began to
spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a King)

PROLOGUE TO THE SATYRES

His very Minister who spyd them first
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speake
or burst

And is not mine my friend a sorceress
When every coxcomb perches them in my
face?

A Good friend forbear! you deal in
daring rous things

I d never name Queens Ministers or
Kings

Keep close to Ears and those let asses
prick

Tis nothing—

P Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it DUNCIAD! let the secret pass
That secret to each fool that he's an Ass
The truth once told (and wherefore should
we lie?)

The Queen of Midas slept and so may I
You think this cruel? take it for a rule
No creature smarts so little as a fool
Let peals of laughter Codrus! round thee
break

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty
crack

Pit box and gallery in convulsions hurl'd
Thou stand st unshook amidst a bursting
world

Who shames a Scribler? break one cob-
web thro'

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or
Peer,

Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian
sneer?

And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons
Moor?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—

A Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a
friend

I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
But foes like these—

P One Flatt'r'r's worse than all
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are
right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite
A fool quite angry is quite innocent
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they
repent

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

One from all Grubstreet will my fame
defend

And more abusive calls himself my friend
This prints my *Letters* that expects a
tribe

And others roar aloud Subscribe sub-
scribe

There are who to my person pay their
court

I cough like Horace and tho lean am
short

Ammons great son one shoulder had too
high

Such Ovids nose and Sir you have an
Eye

Go on obliging creatures make me see
All that disgraced my Betters met in me

Say for my comfort languishing in bed
Just so immortal *Hero* held his head

And when I die be sure you let me
know

Great Homer dy'd three thousand years
ago

Why did I write? what sin to me un-
known

Dipt me in ink my parents or my own?
As yet a child nor yet a fool to fame

Hisp'd in numbers for the numbers
came

I left no calling for this idle trade

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

No duty brok'—no father desir'd
The Muse but serv'd to e're some friend,
not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, At tu mor' thy Art are Cure,
And teach, the Bump you preserv'd, to bear
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Wal h, would tell me I
could write,
Well-natur'd Garth instru'd with early
praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd
my lyys,
The courtly Falstaff, Somers, Shufield read,
Ev'n nutred Rochester would nod the
he id,
And St John's self (great Dryden's friends
before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these be-
lov'd!
From these the world will judge of men
and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and
Cooks
Soft were my numbers, who could take
offence
While pure Description held the place of
Sense?

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Like gentil Iannys was my flowry theme

A prunted am' tress or a gurling stream
Yet th' n did Cildon draw his ven'd quill
I wished the man a dinner and ate still
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret
I never answerd I was not in debt
If want provok'd or madness made them print

I wdig'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint
Did some more ober Critic come abroad
If wrong I smil'd if right I kiss'd the rod

Pains reading study are their just presence

And all they want is spirit taste and m'e
Comments and points they set exactly righ't
And twere a sin to rob them of their m'e
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel frach'd these ribalds

From slushing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds

Each wight who reads not ind but scorns
and spells

Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables
Even such smill Critics some regard may chum

Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name

Pretty i' nimb'r to observe the forms

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there
 Were others angry I excus'd them too,
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due
As man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But 'each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year,
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left
And He, who now to sense, now non-sense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad
All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,

PPOLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

And owned that nine such Toes made a
Tate
How did they fume and stamp and roar
and chafe
And swear not Addison himself was wise
Peace to all such! but were there One
whose fires
True Genius kindles and for Fame in
spires
Blest with each talent nad each art to
please
And born to write converse and live with
ease
Should such a man too fond to rule
alone
Bear like the Turk no brother near the
throne
View him with scornful yet with jealous
eyes
And hate for arts that crus'd himself to
rise
Drown with faint pruse assent with civil
war
And without sneering teach the rest to
sneer
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike
Just hint a fault nad hesitate dislike
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend
Dreading ev'n fools by flatterers besieg'd

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While Wits and Templars' ev'ry sentence
raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there
be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my Name stood rubric on
the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers
load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the Race that
write,
I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their
sight
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a
birth-day song
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my
days,
To spread about the itch of verse and
praise,
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the
town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and
down,

PROLOGUE TO THE SITAKS

Nor at Rehearsals sweet and mouth'd
and cry'd

With handkerchiefs and orange at my side
But sick of fops and poetry and pride
To Buso left the whole Cast han state

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Site full blown Buso puffed by every quill
Fed with soft Dedication all day long
Horace and he went hand in hand in
song

His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an und unpruned rice
Who first his judgment ask'd and then
a place

Much they extoll'd his pictures much his
sent

And flutter'd every day and some days ent
Till grown more frugal in his riper days
He paid some bard with port and some
with praise

To some a dry rehearsal was as if n d
And others (harder still) he paid in kind
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not
n h

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye
But still the Great have kindness in re-
serve

He help'd to bury whom he help'd to
stirre

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

May some choice patron bless each gray
goose quill!

May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's de-
fence,

Or Envy holds a whole week's war with
Sense,

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes de-
mands,

'May dunce by dunce be whistled off my
hands!'

Blest be the *Great*¹ for those they take
away,

And those they left me, for they left me
GAY,

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er
thy urn¹

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die 'is all I have to do)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what
books I please

Above a Patron, 'tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend
I was not born for Courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and say my
pray'rs,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Can sleep without a Poem in my head
Nor know if Dennis's alive or dead

Why am I asked what next shall set the
light?

Heaven! was I born for nothing but to
write?

Has it no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve no soul to

serve?

'I found him close with Swift -
Indeed? no doubt

(Cries prating Billie) soon that will
come out

'Tis all in vain deny it as I will

No such a Genius never can be still
And then for mine of by only mistakes
The first Lamponn Sir Will or Bubo makes
I xor guiltless ! ! and can I choose but
smile

When every Coxcomb knows me by my
Style?

Curst be the verse how well soever it
flows

That tends to make one worthy man my
foe

Give Virtue scandal Innocence a far
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's
peace

Insults fallen worth or Beauty in distress

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's
name,

Yet absent, wounds an author's honest
fame

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*,
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend,
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you
say,

And, if he lye not, must at least betray
Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there,
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction
Lye

A lash like mine no honest man shall
dread,

But all such babling blockheads in his
stead

Let Sporus tremble—

A What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's
milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P Yet let me flap this bug with gilded
wings,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

This painted child of dirt that stinks and
stings
Whose buzz the witty and the fair an-
noys
Let wit never taste and beauty never
enjoys
So well bred spaniels evill delight
In mummeling of the game they & re not
bite
Eternal smiles his emptiness be ray
As shallow streams run dumpling all the
way
Whether in florid impotence he peaks
And as the prompter breathes the puppet
squeaks
Or at the ear of Eve familiar Toad
Half froth half venom spits himself
abroad
In puns or politics or tale or lies
Or spite or smut or rhyme or blas-
phemous
His wit will see saw between that and
this
Now high now low now master up now
miss
And he himself one vile Antithesis
Amphibious thing! that acting either part
The trifling head or the corrupted heart
Top of the toilet flutter at the board
Now trips a Lady and now struts a Lord.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none
will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks
the dust
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's
fool,
Not Lucre's midman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's
praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly
ways
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a
shame,
And thought a Lye in verse or prose the
same
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd
long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his
song
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit,
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never
had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the
mad,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

The distant threats of vengeance on his head
The blow unfeit the tear he never shed
The tale reviv'd the lie o oft overthrown
Th imputed rash and dulness not his own
The morale blackend when the writings scape
The libel'd person and the pictur'd shape
Abuse on all he lov'd or lov'd him spread
A friend in exile or a father deid
The whisper that to greatness still too near
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Son's friends e'er—
Welcome for thee fair Virtue all the past
For thee fair Virtue welcome ev'n the last!
A But why insult the poor affront the great?
A knave's a knave to me in every state
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail
Sporus at court or Japhet in a jail
A hirling scribler or a hirling peer
Knight of the post corrupt or of the shire
If on a Pillory or near a Throne
He pun his Prince's e'er or lose his own

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Yet, soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit
This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd
for Moor
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lye
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life,
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife
Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will,
Let the two Curls of Town and Court,
abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool
That harmless Mother thought no wife
a whore
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Unspotted names and memorie long
If there be force in Virtue or in Song
Of gentle blood (part died in Honour's
cause
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent proue—
A What fortune proue?—
/ Their own
And better got than bestias from the
throne
Born to no Iride inheriting no Strife
Nor marrying Discord in a nobl wife
Stranger to civil and religious strife
The good man walkd innocuous thir
his age
No Courts he saw no suits would ever
try
Nor dird in Orth nor hazarded n lyce
Unleerd he knew no schoolman's subtle
art
No language but the language of the
heart
By Nature honest by Experience wise &
Healthy by temperance and by exercise
His life tho long to sickness past un
known
His deirth wns instant and without a
groin
O grant me thus to live and thus to
die !

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Who sprung from Kings shall know less
joy than I

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be
thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed
of Death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking
eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days at-
tend,

May Heav'n, to bless those days, pre-
serve my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a
QUEEN

A Whether that blessing be deny'd or
giv'n,

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to
Heav'n

The Rape of the Lock

o o

CANTO FIRST

Whit dire offence from am rous causes
springs

What mighty contests rise from trivial
things

I sing—This verse to CARYL Muse I is due
Thus ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view
Slight is the subject but not so the praise
If She inspire and He approve my lays
Say whit strange motive Godd sel could
compel

A well bred Lord t assault a gentle Il lie?
Oh say whit stranger cause yet unex
plor'd

Could make a gentle Belle reject n Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage
And in soft bosonis dwells such mighty
Rage?

Sol thro white curtuns shot a timrous
ray

And ope d those eyes that must eclipse the
day

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing
shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd
the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a 'silver
sound
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy
rest
'T was He had summon'd to her silent bed
The 'morning-dream that hover'd o'er her
head
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night
Beau;
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her 'cheek
to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winn'g lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to
say
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd
care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air
If e'er one Vision touch thy infant
thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have
taught,
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green;
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOUL

With golden crowns and wreaths of
heavenly flow'res
Hear and believe thy own importance
know
Nor bound thy narrow views to things
below
Some secret truth from learned pride
conceal'd
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd
What tho' no credit doulting Wits may
give?
The Fair and Innocent shall till believe
Know then unnumber'd Spirit round thee
fly
The light Militia of the lower sky
These tho' unseen are ever on the wing
Hanging over the Box and hover round the
Ring,
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air
And view with scorn two Eyes and a
Chair
As now your own our beings were of old
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous
mould
Thence by a soft transition we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air
Think not when Woman's transient breath
is fled
That all her vanities at once are dead
Succeeding vanities she still regards

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

'And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards

Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental
Tea

The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam

The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air
Know farther yet, whoever fair and chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd

For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease

Assume what sexes and what shapes they please

What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,

THE PIPE OF THE LOCK

The glance by day the whisper in the
dark
When kind occasion prompt their warm
desires
When music softens and when dancing
fires?
'Tis but their Sylph the wise Celaduns
know
Tho Honour is the word with Men below
Some nymphs there are too conscious
of their face
For life predestined to the Gnome em
brace
These swell their propects and exalt their
pride
When offers are disdained and love deny'd
Then gay Ide is crow'ed the violet bawn
While Peers and Dukes and all their
sweeping train
And Garters Stars and Coronets appear
And in soft sounds Your Grace salutes
thir ear
'Tis these that early taint the female soul
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettess to
roll
Teach Infant cheeks a hidden blush to
know
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau
Oft when the World imagine women
stray

THE RAPL OF THE LOCK

The Sylphs thro' mystic names quad their
way,

Thro' all the gay day circle they pursue,
And old importunity expell by now
What tender mind but met a victim till
To one man's treat, but for another's bill?
When Florio spake what virgin could
withstand,

If gentle Dunon did not squeeze her
hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their
heart,

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
sword-knots strive,

Beaux b'lish beaux, and coaches coaches
drive

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs continue it
all

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or
where

Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, be-
ware!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

This to disclose is all thy guardian can
Beware of all but me & beware of Min
He said when Shock who thought she
slept too long
Leap'd up and wak'd his mistress with
his tongue
Twis then Belinda if report say true
Thy eyes first open'd on a Ballet-doux
Wounds Chirons and Arders were no
sooner read
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head
And now unveld the Soil & stand dis
play'd
Each silver vase in mystic order Iud
First rob'd in whm the Nymph intent
adorn's
With heid uncover'd the Cosm tie pow'r
I howly Image in the glo's appears
To that she bend'd to that her eye she
rears
Th' inferior Priestess at her altar's sid
Trembling begins the sacred rite of I ride
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once and here
Th' various offerings of the world appear
From each she nicely culls with curious
toil
And decks the Goddess with the gilt ring,
spoil
This ev'ry Indian's flowing gems unlock'd

THE RAPTURE OF THE LOCK

And ill Arabesque the form would have
The Tortoise here and Elephant there,
Transform'd to comb, the spangled, and
the white.

Here files of pin extend their human
rows,

Puffs, Powders, Patches, Pables, Billes-
doux

Nay awful Beauty puts on all its arm,
The turban moment rises in her charms,
Repair, her smiles, awaken every age,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a pure blush arise,
And keen lightnings quicken in her eye
The busy Sylphs surround their darling
care,

These set the head, and those divide the
hair,

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait
the gown,

And Betty's prais'd for labours not her
own

CANTO SECOND

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal
plain,

The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rivul of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver
Thames

THE KALE OF THE LOCK

Fair Nymphs and well dress'd Youths
around her shone

But every eye was fix'd on her alone
On her white breast a sparkling Cross
she wore

Which Jew's my b'f and Infid is idore
Her lively looks a pretty mind disclose
Quick as her eyes will be unfix'd as those
Favours to none so ill he smile extends
Oft she rejects but never once offends
Bright as the sun her eyes the givers strike

And like the sun they shine on all alike
Yet graceful ears and sweetness void of pride

Might hide her faults if Belles had faults
to hide

If to her share some female error fall
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em
all

This Nymph to th' destruction of man
kind
Nouri had two Locks which graceful hung
behind

In equal curls and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory
necl

Love in these Labyrinths his slaves detains
And mighty hearts are held in slender
chains

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

With hairy springes ve the birds belyay,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The advent'rous Baron the bright locks
admir'd,
He saw he wish'd, and to the prize
aspir'd.

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his
ends

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
pler'd
Propitious heav'n and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly
gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of
gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise
the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs give ear, and granted half his
pray'r,

THE RIFF OF THE LOCH

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air
But now secure the painted vessel glides
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides
While melting music steals upon the sky
And softend sounds along the waters die
Smooth flow the waves the Zephyrs gently play
Behinda smil'd and all the world was gay
All but the Sylph—with carefull thoughts oppress
The impending woe at heavy on his breast
He summons strait his Deniz os of air
The lucid squadrons round the sun repair
Soft o'er the shroud a mild whisper breathes
That scend'd but Zephyr to the train beneath
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold
Waft on the breeze or sink in clouds of gold
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling
dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours
flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave
their wings
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd,
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus
begun
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons
hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks
assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind
Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs
on 'high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless
sky
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's
pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the
night,

THE RIFF OF THE ROCK

Or suck the winds in power far below
Or dip their pinions in the pointed bow
Or brew fierce tempests on the winter
sun

Or over the glebe distil the kindly sun
Others on earth or human race provide
Watch all their ways and all their action
guide

Of these the chief the care of Nations own
And guard with Arms divine the British
Throne

Our humbler province is to tend the
fair

Not a less pleasing tho' less glorious care
To save the power from too rud a gale
Nor let the unprovided sciences exulte
To draw fresh colour from the vernal
flowers

To steal from rainbows in they drop in
showers

A brighter wash to curl their waving
hares

Assist their blushes and inspire their mirth
Day oft in dreams invention we bestow
To chime a flounce or add a turbelow
This day thick Omens threat the
brightest fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's
care;

Some dire disaster or by force or slight

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

But what, or where, the fates have wrapt
in night

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
law,

Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock
must fall

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge
repain

The flutt'ring fin be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock,
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence
to fail,

Tho' stift with hoops, and arm'd with ribs
of whale,

Form a strong line about the silver
bound,

And guard the wide circumference around
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at
large,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'erstrike
 his sins
Be stop'd in walks or transfix'd with pins
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter wishes lie
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's
 eye
Gums and Pomatum shall his flight re-
 strain
While clog'd he beats his silken wings
 in vain
Or Alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a riv'd
 flow'r
Or as Ixion fix'd the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Hill
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall
 glow
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
 He spoke the spirit from the sails
descend
Some orb in orb around the nymph
 extend
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear
With beating hearts the dire event they
 wait
Anxious and trembling for the birth of
 late

THE RAPLE OF THE LOCK

CANTO THIRD

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd
with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his
rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic
frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton
takes its name
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
doom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at
home,
Here thou, great ANNA¹ whom three
realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take--and some-
times Tea
Hither the heroes and the nymphs re-
sort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court,
In various talk th' instructive hours they
past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian
screen,
A third interprets motions, looks, and
eyes,
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chit
With singing laughing ogling and all
that

Meanwhile declining from the noon of
day

The sun obliquely shoots his burning rays
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign
And wretches hang that jury men may
dine

The merchant from th Exchange returns
in peace

And the long labours of the Toilet cease
Belinda now whom thirst of fame invites
Burns to encounter two adventurous
knights

At Ombre singly to decide their doom
And swells her breast with conquests yet
to come

Strut the three bands prepare in arms to
join

Each band the number of the sacred nine
Soon as she spreads her hand th aerial
guard

Descend and sit on each important card
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matador
Then each according to the rank they bore
For Sylphs yet mindful of their ancient
race

Are as when women wondrous fond of
place

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Behold, four Kings in majesty never'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard,
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain
a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer
pow'r; '
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty
band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hand,
And particolour'd troops a shining train,
Draw forth' to combat on the velvet plain
The skilful Nymph reviews her force
with care
Let Spades be trumps' she said, and
trumps they were
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors
Spadillo first, unconquerable Lord'
Led off two captive trunips, and swept
the board
As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant
field
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian
card
With his broad sabre next, a chief in
years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

THE RAPI OF THE LOCK

Buts forth one manly leg to sight reveal'd
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd
The rebel knife who dites his prince
engag'd

I roves the just victim of his royal rage
I've mighty Pum that Kings and Queens
overthrew

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu
Sad chacee of warl now destitute of aid
I'll undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies in Belinda yield
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field
His warlike Amazon her hot invades
The imperial consort of the crown of
Spades

The Club's black Tyrant first her victim
dy'd

Spite of his haughty men and barbarous
pride

Whit boot the regal cote on his head
His giant limbs in state unwieldy preid
That King behind he trud his pompos
robe

And of all monarchs only grasps the
joker

The Baron now his diamonds pours up ice
Th embroidered King who shows but half
hi face

And 1's resplendent Queen with powers com
bined

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Of broken troops in easy conquest find
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder
seen,

With throngs promiscuous strow the level
green

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The picke'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps, one fit o'erwhelms
them all

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily
arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen
of Hearts

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek for-
sook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching
ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'r'l fate
An Ace of Hearts steps forth The King
unseen

Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-
tive Queen

He springs to vengeance with an eager
pace,

THE PIPE OF THE LOCH

And fills like thunder on the prostrate Ace
The nymph exulting fills with bounts the
lake

The walls the woods and long canals
reply

O thoughtless mortal! ever blind to
fate

Too soon dejected and too soon elate
Sudden these honours shall be snatched
away

And cursed for ever this victorious day

For lo! the board with cups and poons
is crowded

The berries crackle and the mill turns
round

On shining Altars of Japan they muse
The silver lamp the fiery priests blaze
From silver spouts the grateful liquors
flowe

While China's earth receives the smok-
ing tide

At once they prance their cent and teste
And frequent cups prolong the ticktaps
Strains hover round the fair her airy hand
Some as she sipp'd the sunning liquor
swond

Scattered over her lip their careful plumes
play'd

Trembler and conscious of the rich bro-
ad

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut
eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagemis, the radiant Lock to
gain

Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too
late,

Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's
fate!

Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to, mischief mortals bend their
will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting
grace

A two-edg'd weapon from her shining
case

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the
fight

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and
extends

The little engine on his fingers' ends,
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
head

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites re-
pair,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

A thousand wings by turns blow back
the hair
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in
her ear
Thrice she look'd back 'nd thrice the foe
drew near
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd
He watch'd th Ideas rising in her mind
Sudden he view'd in spite of all her art
An earthly Lover lurling at her heart
Amaz'd confus'd he found his power
expir'd
Resign'd to fate and with a sigh retir'd
The Peer now spreads the glittering For
sex wide
To inclose the Lock now joins it to
divide
Even then before the fatal engine clos'd
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd
Fate urg'd the sheers and cut the Sylph
in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head for ever and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from
her eyes
And screams of horror rend th affrighted
skies

THE RAPe OF THE LOCK

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last,

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,

In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,

(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,

Or in a coach-and-six the British Fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,

Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,

When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,

So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

What Time' would spare, from Steel receives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,

And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy,

THE KAPE OF THE LOCK

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound
And hew triumphal arches to the ground
What wonder then fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisting steel?

CANTO FOURTH

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd
And secret passions labour'd in her breast
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss
Nor ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry
For felt such rage resentment and despair
As thou sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair
For that sid moment when the Sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel a dusky melancholy sprite
As ever sully'd the fair face of light
Down to the central earth his proper scene
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head
Two handmaids wait the throne alike in place,
But diff'reng far in figure and in face
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd,
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

The fair ones feel such maladies as these
When each new night-dress gives a new
disease

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies
Strange phantoms rising as the mists
arise

Dreadful 'as hermit's dreams in haunted
shades

Or bright as visions of expiring maids
Now glaring fiends and snakes on rolling
spires

Pale spectres gaping tombs and purple
fires

Now lakes of liquid gold Elysian scenes
And crystal domes and Angels in machines

Unnumber'd throngs on evry side are
seen

Of bodies chang'd to various forms by
Spleen

Here living Tea pots stand one arm held
out

One bent the handle this and that the
spout

A Pipkin there like Homer's Tripod walks
Here sighs a Jar and there a Goose pye
talks⁴

Men prove with child as pow'rful fancy
works

And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for
corks

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic
band,
A branch of healing Spleenwoit in his
hand
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, way-
ward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysterick, or poetic fit,
On various tempers, act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble
plays,
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r dis-
dains,
And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tains
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a
grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks in-
flame,
Or change complexions at a losing game,
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was
rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Which not the tears of brightest eyes
could ease

Hear me and touch Belinda with chagrin
That single act gives half the world the
spleen

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him tho she grants hi
pray'r

A wondrous Bag with both her hands she
binds

Like that where once Ulysses held the
winds

There she collects the force of female
lungs

Sighs sobs and passions and the war of
tongues

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears
Soft sorrows melting griefs and flowing
tears

The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away
Spreads his black wings and slowly
mounts to day

Sunk in Thalestris arms the nymph
he found

Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he
rent

And all the Furies issued at the vent
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

O wretched maid! she spread her hands,
and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid!
 reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance
bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd
around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender
head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your
 hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost?
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?

'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling
 rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Sooner shall grass in Hyde park Circus
grow
And wits take ledgings in the sound of
Bow
Sooner let earth air sea to Chaos fall
Men monkeys lap-dogs parrots perish
all!

She said then raging to Sir Plume re
' pairs
And bids her Beau demand the precious
hairs
(Sir Plume of amber snuff box justly
vain
And the nice conduct of a clouded crane)
With earnest eyes and round unthinking
face
He first the snuff box open'd then the case
And thus broke out— My Lord why
what the devil?
Z—ds! damn the fool ' fore God you
must be civil!
Plague on t! tis past a jest—nay prithee
pos!
Give her the hair —he spoke and rapp'd
his box
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer
again)
Who speaks so well should ever speal in
vain
But by this Lock this sacred Lock I swear

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

(Which never more shall join its parted
hair,

• Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it
grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever
wear

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honours of her head
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears
not so,

He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows
flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief
appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in
tears,

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping
head,

Which, with a sigh, she rais'd, and thus
she said

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl
away!

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never
seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid

THE R IPE OF THE LOCK

By love of Courts to numerous ill betray'd
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remand
In some lone isle or distant Northern land
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the
way

Where none learn Ombre none e'er taste
Bohea!

There kept my charms conceal'd from
mortal eye

Like roses that in deserts bloom and die
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords
to roam?

O had I stay'd and said my prayers at
home!

'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to
tell

Thrice from my trembling hand the pitch
box fell

The tott ring Chin shook without a wind
Nay Poll sat mute and Shock was most
unkind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of
fate

In mystic visions now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted
hairs!

My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine
spares

These in two stile ringlets taught to
break

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck,
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers de-
mands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious
hands
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO VIII TH

She said the pitying audience melt in
tears
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's
ears
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her
fan,
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began
Say why are Beauties prais'd and
honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain
man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea
afford,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

And trust me, dear^t good-humour can pre-
vail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and
scolding fail
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may
roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins
the soul
So spoke the Dame, but no applause
ensu'd,
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her
Prude
To arms, to arms^t the fierce Virago
cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies
All side in parties, and begin th' attack,
Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whale-
bones crack,
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly
rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the
skies
No common weapons in their hands are
found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
wound
So when bold Homer makes the Gods
engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions
rage,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Ga'inst Pallas Mars Latona Hermes
 arms
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms
Jove's thunder roars heaven trembles all
 around
Blue Neptune storms the bellowing deeps
 resound
Earth shakes her nodding towers the
 ground gives way
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of
 day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's
 height
Clap'd his glad wings and sate to view
 the fight
Prop'd on their bodkin spears the Sprites
 survey
The growing combat or assist the fray
 While thro' the press enrag'd Thales
 tris flies
And scatters death around from both her
 eyes
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng
One dy'd in metaphor and one in song
 'Oh cruel nymph! a living death I
 bear
Cry'd Dapperwit and sunk beside his
 chair
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards
 cried

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

"Those eyes are made so killing!"—was
his last

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he
dies

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Cla-
rissa down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a
frown,

She smil'd to see the doughty hero, 'slain',
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in
air,

Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's
hair,

The doubtful beam long nods from side
to side,

At length the wits mount up, the hairs
subside

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in 'her
eyes

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to
try,

Who sought no more than on his foe to
die

But this bold Lord with manly strength
endu'd,

She with one finger and a thumb sub-
du'd

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Just where the breath of life his nostrils
drew

A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw
The Gnomes direct to evry atom just
The pungent grains of tickling dust
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'er
flows

And the high dome reechoes to his nose
Now meet thy fate incens'd Belinda
cry'd

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
(The same his ancient personage to deck
Her great great grandsire wore about his
neck

In three seal rings which after melted
down

Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's
gown

Her infant grandame's whistle next at
grew

The bells she jingled and the whistle
blew

Then in a bodkin graz'd her mother's
hairs

Which long she wore and now Belinda
wears)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting
foe¹

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

All that I 'dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn
alive

Restore the Lock! she cries, and all
around

Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs re-
bound

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd
his pain

But see how oft ambitious aims are
cross'd,

And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is
lost!

The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept
with pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain
With such a prize no mortal must be
blest,

So 'heav'n' decrees! with heav'n who can
contest?

'Some thought it mounted to the Lunar
sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd
there

There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous
vases,

And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-
cases

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

There broken vows and death bed alms
are found
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband
bound
The courtiers promises and sick mans
prayers
The smiles of harlots and the tears of
heirs
Cages for gnats and chains to yoke a
flea
Dry'd butterflies and tomes of casuistry
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward
rise
Tho mark'd by none but quick poetic
eyes
(So Romes great founder to the heavens
withdrew
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star it shot thro liquid air
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright
The heavens bespangling with dishevel'd
light
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro the
skies
This the Beau monde shall from the
Mall survey
And hail with music its propitious ray
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

And send up vows from Rosamonda's
lake

This Partridge soon shall view in' cloud-
less skies,

When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes,

And hence th' egregious wizard shall
foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn
thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining
sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can
boast,

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you
lost

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall
die,

When those fair suns shall set, as set
they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in
dust,

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to
fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's
name

The Dunciad



(CLOSI G PA SA)

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne
behold

Of *Night* Primæval and of *Chaos* old!
Before her *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay
And all its varying Rain bows die away
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires
The meteor drops and in a flash expires
As one by one at dread Mede's strain
The sickning stars fade off th ethereal
plain

As Argus eyes by Hermes wind op
prest

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest
Thus at her felt approach and secret
might

Art after *Art* goes out and all is *Night*
See shuffling *Truth* to her old cavern
fled

Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her
head!

Philosophy that leaned on Heavn before
Shrinks to her second cause and is no
more

'THE DUNCIAD

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and
die.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires
Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares' to
shine,
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse
divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, *CHAOS*! is re-
stor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word
Thy hand, great *Anarch*! lets the curtain
fall,
And Universal Darkness buries all

Thomas Gray

Elegy

WITT N H A DUNT Y
CHURC Y D



The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon com plain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign

ELEGY

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

ELEGY

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er
gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you ye Proud impute to these the
fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire,

ELEGY

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,

Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
unroll,

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
bear

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that, with daunt-
less breast,

The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

ELEGY

Their lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues but their crimes
confined
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
throne
And shut the gates of mercy on man
kind

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
To hide
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muses
flame

Far from the madding crowds ignoble
strife
Their sober wishes ne'er learn'd to
stray
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp
ture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

ELEGY

Then name, their years, spelt by th' un-letter'd muse,

The place of same and every supply
And many a holy text around thy strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,

Lest the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye requires,

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,

Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead

Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,

If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

ELEGY

Haply some hoary headed swain may say
Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high

His listless length at noontide would he
stretch

And pore upon the brook that bubbles by
!

Hard by yon wood now smiling as in
scorn !

Muttering his wayward fancies he would
rove !

Now drooping woeful wan like one for
lorn

Or crazed with care or cross'd in hope
less love !

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
hill

Along the heath and near his favorite
tree

Another came nor yet beside the rill !
Nor up the lawn nor at the wood was
he ! !

ELEGY

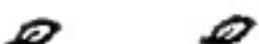
"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw
him borne —
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn "

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
known
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely
send
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he
wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw' his frailties from their dread
abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,) The bosom of his Father and his God

Hymn to Adversity



Daughter of Jove relentless Power
Thou Tamer of the human breast
Whose iron scourge and torturing houſe
The Bad affright afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unſelt before unpitied and
alone

When first thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue his darling child design'd
To thee he gave the heavenly Birth
And bad to form her infant mind
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore
What sorrow was thou bad st her know
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at
others woe

Scared at thy frown terrific fly
Self pleasing Folly's idle brood

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
Joy,

And leave us leisure to be good
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe,
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are
again believ'd

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,

Iimmers'd in rapt'rous thought pro-
found,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing
tear

Oh! gently on thy Suppliant's head,

Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terror's clad,
Not circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
mien,

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
Poverty

HYMN TO IDVERSITY

Thy form benign oh goddess wear
Thy milder influence impart
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften not to wound my heart
The generous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love and to forgive
Exact my own defects to scan
What others are to feel and know myself
as a Man

*

The Progress of Poesy



I 1

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take
The laughing flowers, that round them
blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden
reign

Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to
the roar

I 2

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares

And frantic Passions hear thy soft con-
troul

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy com-
mand
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove thy magic lulls the feather'd
king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of
his eye

1 3

Thee the voice the dance obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport and blue eyed Pleasures
Frisking light in frolic measures
Now pursuing now retreating
Now in circling troops they meet
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many twinkling feet
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare
Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay
With arms sublime that float upon the
air

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

In gliding state, she wins her' easy
way
O'er her warm cheek, 'and rising bosom,
move
The bloom, of young Desire, "and purple
light of Love!

II 1

Man's feeble race what Ills await!
Labour, 'and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms
of Fate!

The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove
Say, has he giv'n' in' vain the' heav'nly
Muse?

Night and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding
cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till down' the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring
shafts of war

II 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun-
tains roam,

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To chear the shivering Native's dull
abode , ,
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests hid , ,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs and dusky
Loves
Her trick where'er the Goddess roves
Glory pursue and generous Shame !
Th unconquerable Mind and Freedom's
holy flame

II 3

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep
Isles that crown th Ægean deep ,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves
Or where Macander's amber waves
In lingering Labyrinths creep ,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute but to the voice of Anguish !
Where each old poetic Mountain ,
Inspiration breath'd around
Every shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian
plains

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast

III i

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!"
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

III 2

Nor second He that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Extasy
The secrets of th Abyss to spy
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place
and Time
The living Throne the sapphire blaze
Where Angels tremble while they gaze
He saw but blasted with excess of light
Clos'd his eyes in endless night
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous
car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder cloath'd and long
resounding pace

III 3

Hark his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn
But ah! tis heard no more—

Oh! Lyre divine what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro the azure deep of air

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Musc's
ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun.
Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-
tant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far!—but far above
the Great.

Oliver Goldsmith

The Deserted Village

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's long ring blooms delay'd
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease
Seats of my youth when every sport could please
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm
The shelter'd cot the cultivated farm
The never failing brook the busy mill
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath
the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength went round

And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspi'd;

The dancing pair that simply sought renown

By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

These were the charms—but all these
charms are fled
Sweet smiling & happy hours of the
lawn
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms
withdrawn
Are dit thy bowers the artless hand is
seen
And d'lation sad' n all thy green
One only master pres' p's the who domain
And half a village stirs the smile & p'nt
No more thy glas y I took reflects th' fair
But clouded with a drear work it weeps
^{wis}
Alone thy plaid a solitary suit
The hollow-sounding luttren guards its
nest
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing Pier
And tires the echoes with unceas' cries
Sunk are thy bowers in hapel is ruin all
And the long grass o'errops the mouldring
wall
And trembling shrinking from the spoiler's
hand
Far far away thy children leave the land
Ill fares th' land to hastning illus' prey
Where wealth accumulates and men de
cay
Princes and lords may flourish or may
fade

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

A breath can make them, as a breath has
made
But a bold peasantry, their country's
pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd
A time there was, e'er England's griefs
began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd
its man,
For him light labour spread her whole-
some store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no
more
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth
But times are altered, trade's unfeeling
train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain,
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets
rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re-
pose,
And every want to opulence ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride
These gentle hours that plenty bade to
bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little
room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the
peaceful scene,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Liv'd in each look and brightened all
the green

These far departing seek a kinder shore
And rural mirth and manners are no more
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrants
power

Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd
grounds

And many a year elaps'd return to view
Where once the cottage stood the haw
thorn grew

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
trou

Swall's at my breast and turns the past
to pain

In all my wand'ring round this world
of care

In all my griefs—and God has given my
share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down

To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose

I still had hopes for pride attends us still
Amidst the swains to show my book
I learn'd skill

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
 pursue

Pants to the place from whence at first
 he flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last
 ‘O blest retirement,’ friend to life’s de-
cline,

Retreats from care, that never must be
 mine,

How happy he who crowns in shades like
 these

A youth of labour with an age of ease,
Who quits a world where strong tempta-
 tions try,

And, since ‘tis hard to combat, learns to
 fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and
 weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the dang’rous
 deep,

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue’s friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceiv’d
 decay,

While resignation gently slopes the way,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And all his prospects brightning to the last
His heaven commences ere the world be past'
Sweet was the sound when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose
There as I past with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came soften'd from below
The swain responsive as the milk maid sung
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool
The playful children just let loose from school
The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made
But now the sounds of population fail
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale
No busy steps the grass grown foot way tread

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn,
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain
Near yonder copse, where once the
garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower
grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
rose
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a
year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly
race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to
change his place,
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
hour,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize
More skilled to ruse the wretched than
to rise
His house was known to all the vagrant
train
He chid their wand'ring but reliev'd
their pain
The long remember'd beggar was his
guest
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer
proud
Claim'd kindred there and had his claims
allow'd
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night
away
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow
done
Shoulder'd his crutch and shew'd how
fields were won
Pleas'd with his guests the good man
learn'd to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began
Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride

THE DESERIED VILLAGE

And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side,
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
for all,
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull
delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the
way
Beside the bed where parting lie was
laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
mayed,
The rev'rend champion stood At his
controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,
And his last fal'ring accents whispe'd
praise
At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd
to pray

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The service past around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic run
Even children followed with endearing
 wife
And pluck'd his gown to share the good
 man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
 prest
Their welfare pleased him and their cares
 distress
To them his heart his love his graces
 were given
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful
 form
Swallows from the vale and midway leaves
 the storm
Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head
 Beside yon struggling fence that skirts
 the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay
There in his noisy mansion skil'd to
 rule
The village master taught his little school
A man severe he was and stern to view
I knew him well and every truant
 knew

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face,
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault,
The village all declar'd how much he knew
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still,
While words of learned length and thun-
d'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

But past is all his time The very
spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is for
got
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on
high
Where once the sign post caught the
passing eye
Low lies that house where nut brown
draughts inspir'd
Where grey bearded mirth and snuling toil
return'd
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks
profound
And news much older than their nre went
round
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive
place
The white wash'd wall the nicely studded
floor
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind
the door
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay
A bed by night a chest of drawers by
day
The pictures plac'd for ornament and
use
The twelve good rules the royal game of
goose

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The hearth, except when winter chill'd
the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a
row
Vain transitory splendours! could not
all
Reprise the tott'ring mansion from its
fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more im-
part
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care,
No more the farmer's news, the barber's
tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall pre-
vail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean
to hear,
The host himself no longer shall be
found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go
round,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Nor the coy maid half willing to be
prest

Shall I iss the cup to pass it to the rest
Yes! let the rich deride the proud dis-
dain

These simple blessings of the lowly trun
To me more dear congenial to my heart
One native charm than all the gloss of
art

Spontaneous joys where Nature has its
play

The soul adopts and owns their first
born sway

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind
Unenvy'd unmolested unconfin'd
But the long pomp the midnight mas-
querade

With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
ray'd—

In these ere triflers half their wish ob-
tun

The toiling pleasure sickens into pain
And evn while fashion's brightest arts
decoy

The heart distrusting asks if this be
joy

Ye friends to truth ye statesmen who
survey

The rich man's joys increase the poors
decay

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a' splendid and an happy land
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore,
Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around
Yet count our gains This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same
Not so the loss The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd,
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth,
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall
As some fair female undorn'd and plain
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes
But when those charms are past for charms are frail
When time advances and when lovers fail
She then shines forth solicitous to bless
In all the glaring impotence of dress
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd
But verging to decline its splendours rise
Its vistas strike its palaces surprise
While scourg'd by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And while he sinks, without one arm, to
 save,
The country blooms — a garden and a
 grave
Where then, ah! where, shall poverty
 reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits
 stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty
 blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
 divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd
 If to the city sped — what waits him
 there?
To see profusion that he must not share,
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind,
To see those joys the sons of pleasure
 know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly
 trade,
Here while the proud their long-drawn
 pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the
 way

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The dome where Pleasure holds her mid-
nigh her reign
Her richly deckt admits the gross con-
tra'n
Tumultuous prandeur crowds the blushing
square
The rattling chariots clash the torches
play
Such scenes like these no trouble can
annoy!
Such scenes denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah turn
thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female
see
She once perhaps in village plenty
lived
Has wept at tales of innocence distress
Her modest looks the cottage might
abom
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn
How lost to all her friends her virtue
was
As her betrayers do the jaws her
bread
And parch'd with cold and shrinking
seen the winter
With heavy heart & giv' her that is alms
to

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country
brown " "

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the
loveliest train,—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger
led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe
Far different 'there from all that charm'd
before

The various terrors of that horrid shore,
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day,
Those matted woods, where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,
Those 'pois'nous fields with rank luxuri-
ance crown'd,

Where 'the dark scorpion gathers death
around,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Where at each step the stranger fears to
 wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
 prey
And savage men more murderous still
 than they
While oft in whirls the mad tornado
 flies
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
 skies
Far different these from every former
 scene
The cooling brook the grassy vested
 green
The breezy covert of the warbling grove
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless
 love
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
 that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks
 away
When the poor exiles every pleasure
 lost
Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd
 their last
And took a long farewell and wish'd in
 vain
For seats like these beyond the western
 main

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe,
But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief
‘ O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness
grown
Boast of a florid vigour not their own
At every draught more large and large
they grow
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe
Till sapped their strength and every part
unsound
Down down they sink and spread a ruin
round
Even now the destruction is begun
And half the business of destruction done
Even now methinks is pondering here
I stand
I see the rural virtues leave the land
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale
Downward they move a melancholy band
Pass from the shore and darken all the
strand
Contented toil and hospitable care
And kind connubial tenderness are there
And piety with wishes plac'd above
And steady loyalty and futhful love
And thou sweet Poetry thou loveliest
maid
Still first to fly where sensual joy invade

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
sane,

Dear charming nymph, neglected and
decry'd,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,

That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
me so,

Thou guide by which the nobler arts
excel,

Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee
well!

Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be
try'd,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in
snow,

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement
clime,

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive
strain,

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of
gain,

Teach him, that states of native strength
possest,

Though very poor, may still be very blest,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

That trades proud empire hastens to swift decay
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away
While self dependent power can time defy
As rocks resist the billows and the sky

The Traveller, Or, a Prospect of Society



Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
boor

Against the houseless stranger shuts the
door,

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthening
chain

Eternal blessings crown my earliest
friend,

And round his dwelling guardian saints
attend

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests
retire

To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning
fire

THE TRAVELLER

Blest that abode where want and pain
repair

And every stranger finds a ready chair
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food
And learn the luxury of doing good

But me not destin'd such delights to share

My prime of life in wandering spent and care

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view

That like the circle bounding earth and skies

Allures from far yet as I follow flies
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone
And find no spot of all the world my own

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend
And plac'd on high above the storm's career

Look downward where an hundred realms appear

Lakes forests cities plains extending wide

THE TRAVELLER

The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler
pride

When thus Creation's charms no man
combines,

Amidst the store should thickless pride
reign?

Say, should the philosophic mind demand
That good which makes each humbler
bosom vain?

Let school-taught pride dissimile all it can,
These little things we give it to little man,
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splen-
dour crown'd,

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
round,

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
gale,

Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry
vale,

For me your tributary stores combine
Creation's hen, the world, the world is
mine

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er,

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
still

THE TRAVELLER

Thus to my breast alternate p'ssions rise
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to
man supplies

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall
To see the hoard of human bliss so small
And oft I wish 'midst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd
Where my worn soul each wand ring hope
at rest

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest
But where to find that happiest spot
below

Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his
own

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas
And his long nights of revelry and ease
The naked negro panting at the line
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy
wine

Basks in the glare or stems the tepid
wave

And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we
roam

His first best country ever is at home
And yet perhaps if countries we com
pare

THE TRAVELLER

And estimate the blessings which they
share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings
even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest
call.

With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,
And though the rocky crested summits
frown,

These rocks by custom turn to beds of
down

From Art more various are the blessings
sent,

Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong
contest,

That either seems destructive of the rest
Where wealth and freedom reign, content-
ment fails

And honour sinks where commerce long
prevails

Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing
prone,

Conforms and models life to that alone

THE TRAVELLER

Each to the favorite happiness attends /
And spurns the plan that aims at other
ends :

Till carried to excess in each domain
This favorite good begets peculiar pain

But let us try these truths with closer
eyes :

And trace them through the prospect as
it lies

Here for a while my proper cares resign'd
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast
That shades the steep and sighs at evry
blast

Far to the right where Apennine as-
cends

Bright as the summer Italy extends
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride
While oft some temples mould ring tops
between

With venerable grandeur mark the scene
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast

The sons of Italy were surely blest

Whatever fruits in different climes were
found :

That proudly rise or humbly court the
ground

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear

THE TRAVELLER

Whose bright succession decks the varied
year,

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,
These, here disporting, own the kindred
soil,

Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,
While sea-born gales their gelid wings
expand

To winnow fragrance round the smiling
land

But small the bliss that sense alone
bestows,

And sensual bliss is all the nation knows
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here

Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign

Though poor, luxurious, though submis-
sive, vain,

Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet
untrue,

And ev'n in penance planning sins anew
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd
the date

When commerce proudly flourish'd through
the state,

THE TRAVELLER

At her command the palace learnt to rise
Again the long fallen column sought the
skies |
The canvas glowed beyond een Nature
warm, |
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
form :
Till more unsteady than the southern gale
Commerce on other shores display'd her
sail |
While nought remain'd of all that riches
gave :
But towns unmanned and lords without
a slave |
And late the nation found with fruitless
skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill
Yet still the loss of wealth is here sup
ply'd :
By arts the splendid wrecks of former
pride |
From these the feeble heart and long fallen
mind
An easy compensation seem'd to find |
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
array'd |
The paste board triumph and the caval
cade |
Processions form'd for piety and love
A mistress or a saint in every grove

THE TRAVELLER

By sports like these are all their cares
beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child
Each nobler aim, represt by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul,
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind
As in those domes wherè Cæsars once bore
sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger
pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile
My soul, turn from them, turn we to
survey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
play,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
sions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his
sword
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
breast,

THE TRAILLER

But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest
Yet still even here content can spread a charm
Redress the clinic and all its rage disarm
Though poor the peasant's hut his feasts though small
He sees his little lot the lot of all
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal
But calm and bred in ignorance and toil
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes
With patient angle trolls the finny deep
Or drives his venturous plow share to the steep
Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way
And drags the struggling savage into dry
At night returning every labour sped
He sits him down the monarch of a shed
Smiles by his cheerful fire and round surveys !

THE TRAVELLER

His children's looks, that brighten at the
blaze,
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her
hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed
Thus every good his native wilds im-
part
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And ev'n those ills that round his mansion
rise
'Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies
Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
forms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
storms,
And as a child, when scaring sounds
molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's
'breast,'
So the loud 'torrent and the' whirlwind's
roar
But bind him to his native mountains
more
Such are the charms 'to barren states
assign'd,
Their wants but few, their wishes all con-
fin'd'
Yet let them only share the praises due

THE TRAVELLER

If few their wants their pleasures are but few

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies

That first excites desire and then supplies
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures
cloy

To fill the languid pause with finer joy
Unknown those powers that raise the soul
to flame

Catch every nerve and vibrate through
the frame

Their level life is but a smouldring fire
Unquench'd by want unsann'd by strong desire

Unfit for raptures or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow

Their morals like their pleasures are but law

For as refinement stops from sire to son
Unalter'd unimprov'd the matiners run
And loves and friendships finely pointed
+ dart

Fall blunted from each indurated heart

THE TRAVELLER

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's
breast
May sit, like falcons, cow'ring on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and
charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions
fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky
To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright
domain
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social
ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world
can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring
Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin
grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr
flew,
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'r-
ing still,
But mock'd all tune, and matr'd the
dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous
pow'r,

THE TRAILER

And dance forgetful of the noon tide hour,
Alike all ages Domes of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze |
And the gay grand we still in gestiq
lore
Has frisl d beneath the burthen of three
score
So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display
Thus idly busy rolls their world away
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
endear
For honour forms the social temple here
Honour that praise which real merit
gains
Or evn imaginary worth obtains
Here passes current paid from hand to
hand, ,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land,
From courts to camps to cottages it
strays
And all are taught an avrice of praise
They please we pleasd they give to get
esteem
Till, seeming blest they grow to what
they seem
But while this softer art their bliss sup-
plies |
It gives their follies also room to rise

THE TRAVELLER

For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,

Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart,

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,

To boast one splendid banquet once a year,
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,

Nor weighs the solid 'worth' of self-applause

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosc'd in the deep where Holland lies
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the 'wat'ry roar,

THE TRAILLER

Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore

While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him
 smile }

The slow canal the yellow blos om d vale
The willow tufted bank the gliding sail
The crowded mrt the cultivated plain —
A new creation rescued from his reign

 Thus while around the wave subjected
 soil

Impels the native to repeated toil
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And indu try begets a love of gain
Hence all the good from opulence that
 springs

With all those ill's superfluous treasure
 brings

Are here displayd Their much lov d
 wealth imparts

Convenience plenty elegance and arts
But view them closer craft and fraud
 appear

Even liberty itself is barterd here
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies
The needy sell it and the rich man
 buys }

A land of tyrants and a den of slaves
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves
And calmly bent to servitude conform

THE TRAVELLER

Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow.
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,

THE TRIELER

Fierce in their native hardness of soul
True to unimpaired right above control
While even the peasant boasts these rights
to scan
And learns to venerate himself as man !
Thine Freedom think the blessings pic-
tured here
Thine are those charms that dazzle and
endeur
Too blest indeed were such without alloy
But foster'd evn by Freedom ill's annoy
That independence Britons prize too high/
Keeps man from man and breaks the
social tie
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone
All claims that bind and sweeten life un-
known
Here by the bonds of nature feblly held
Minds combat minds repelling and re-
pell'd
Ferments arise unprison'd factions roar !
Represt ambition struggles round her
shore
Till over wrought the general system
feels
Its motions stop or phrenzy fire the
wheels
Nor this the worst As nature's ties
decay
As duty love and honour fail to sway !

THE TRAVELLER

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and
law,

Still gather strength, and force unwilling
awe

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps un-
known

Till time may come, when, stript of all
her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of
arms,

Where noble stems transmit the patriot
flame,

Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote
for fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,

And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd
die

- Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills

I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the
great

Ye powers of truth that bid my soul
aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to
feel

The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry
steel,

Thou transitory flower, alike undone

THE TRAVELLER

By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun
Still may thy blooms the changeful cline endure!
I only would repress them to secure
For just experience tells in every soil
That those who think must govern those
that toil
And all that Freedom's highest aims can
reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each!
Hence should one order disproportion'd grow
Its double weight must ruin all below //
O then how blind to all that truth re
quires
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul nor apt to rise in arms
Except when fast approaching danger warms
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne
Contracting regal power to stretch their own
When I behold a factious bind agree
To call it freedom when themselves ate free!
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,

THE TRAVELLER

Laws, grind the poor, and rich men rule
the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations
roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at
home,
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling
heart,
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful
hour
When first ambition struck at regal power,
And thus polluting honour, in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled
shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless
ore,
Seen all her triumphs but destruction
haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they
waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets
rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?

THE TRAVELLER

Have we not seen at pleasure's Jordly call
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son the sire decay'd
The modest matron and the blushing maid
Forced from their homes a melancholy train
To traverse climes beyond the western main
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
Even now, perhaps as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways
Where beasts with man divided empire claim
And the brown Indian marks with murtherous sum
There while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise
The pensive exile bending with his woe
To stop too fearful and too faint to go
Casts a long look where England's glories shine
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine
Vain very vain my weary search to find

THE TRAVELLER

That bliss which only centres in the
mind
Why have I 'stray'd from pleasure and
repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-
strain,
How small, of all that human hearts en-
dure,
That part which laws or kings can cause
or cure,
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find
With secret course, which no loud storms
annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic
joy
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of
steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely
known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all
our own'

William Collins

(B 97)

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N

The Passions

When Music heavenly maid was young
While yet in early Greece she sung
The Passions oft to hear her shell
Throng'd around her magic cell
Exulting trembling raging sunting
Possest beyond the Muse's painting
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd delighted rous'd resin'd
Till once tis said when all were fir'd
Fill'd with fury rapt inspir'd
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art
Each for madness rul'd the hour
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand its skill to try
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid
And back recoil'd he knew not why
Even at the sound himself had made

THE PASSIONS

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance
'hail'
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song,
And, where her sweetest theme she
chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard, at
every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd
her golden hair
And longer had she sung, but, with a
frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in' thun-
der down,

THE PASSIONS

| And with a with'ring look; |
The war-denouncing trumpet took |
| And blew a blast so loud and dread |
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
woe | | | n |
And ever and anon he beat |
The doubling drum with furious
heat |
And though sometimes each dreary
pause between
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul subduing voice applied
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
bursting from his head
Thy numbers Jealousy to nought were
fix'd |
Sad proof of thy distressful state |
Of differing themes the veering song was
mix'd
And now it courted Love now raving
call'd on Hate
With eyes up rais'd as one inspir'd
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd
And from her wild sequester'd seat |
In notes by distance made more sweet |
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pen
sive soul | n |
| And, dashing soft from rocks around;
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound

THE PASSIONS

Through glades and glooms 'the mingled
 " measure stole,"
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond
 " delay, " "
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmur died away
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier
 " tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
 hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gein'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
 rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
 known!
The oak-crowned sisters and their claste-
 ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green,
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up and seiz'd his beechen
 spear
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand 'address,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd
 the best;

THE MISSIONS

They would have thought, who heard
 the strain

They saw in 'Tempe's vale her native
 maids

Amidst the festal sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing

While as his flying fingers kiss'd the
 strings

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
 round,

Loose were her tresses seen her zone
 unbound

And he amidst his frolic play
As if he would the charming air repay
Shook thousand odours from his dewy
 wings

O Music sphere-descended maid
Friend of Pleasure Wisdom's aid
Why goddess why to us denied
Lay st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power
Thy mimic soul O nymph endear'd
Can well recall what then it heard
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue Fancy Art?
Arise as in that elder time
Warm energetic chaste sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page

THE PASSIONS

'T is sad, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound
O bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Ode to Evening

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope chaste Eve to soothe thy modest
ear

Like thy own solemn springs //
Thy springs and dying gales

O nymph reserv'd while now the bright
hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy
shirts
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed

Now air is hush'd save where the weak
ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on
leathern wing
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn

As oft he rises midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum /
Now teach me maid compos'd /
To breathe some soften'd strain /

ODE TO EVENING

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale,

May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers, the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier
still,
The pensive pleasures sweet.
Prepare thy shadowy car

Then lead, calm votaress, where some
sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or, some time-
hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam

But when chill blustering winds, or driv-
ing rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

ODE TO EVENING

And hamlets brown and dim discover'd
spires

And hears their simple bell and marks
o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil

While Spring shall pour his showers as
oft he wont

And bathe thy breathing tresses meekest
Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves

Or Winter yelling through the troublous
air

Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes

So long sure found beneath the sylvan
shed

Shall Fancy Friendship Science rose
lipped Health

Thy gentlest influence own
And hymn thy favourite name!

Samuel Johnson

The Vanity of Human Wishes



Let Observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru
Remark each anxious toil each eager
strife
And watch the busy scenes of crowded
life
Then say how hope and fear desire and
hate
Oerspread with snares the clouded maze
of fate
Where warring man betray'd by ventrous
pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude
Shuns fancied ills or chases airy good
How rarely reason guides the stubborn
choice
Rules the bold hand or prompts the sup
pliant voice
How nations sink by darling schemes
oppress'd
When Vengeance listens to the fool's re
quest

THE VANITY OF

Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive
 dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of
 art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness eloction flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful
 breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death
 But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and
 the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest' that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of
 mankind
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian
 draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the
 laws
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor
 safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise
 Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings com-
 mand,
And dubious title shakes the madded
 land,
When statutes glean 'the refuse of the
 sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the
 lord,

HUMAN WISHES

Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power

And leaves the wealthy tutor in the Tower

Untouched his cottage and his slumbers sound

Though Confiscation's vultures hover round

The needy traveller serene and gay
Walks the wild heath; and sings his toil away

Does envy seize thee? Crush th upbraiding joy,

Increase his riches and his peace destroy
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade

The rustling brake alarms and quivering shade *

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief —

One shows the plunder and one hides the thief !

Yet still one general cry the slaves assaults
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales

Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care !

The insidious rival and the gaping heir ;

Once more Democritus arise on earth
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth

THE VANITY OF

See motley life in modern trapping's
dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest
Thou who couldst laugh where want en-
chain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a
piece,
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner
died,
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride,
Where ne'er was known the form of mock
debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy
state,
Where change of fav'rites made no change
of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a
cause,
How wouldest thou shake at Britain's
modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing
gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophick
eye
To thee were solemn toys or empty show
The robes of pleasure and the veils of
woe
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth main-
tain,

HUMAN WISHES

Whose joys are causeless or whose griefs
are vain

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's
mind

Renew'd at ev'ry glaunce on human kind
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice
declare

Search ev'ry state and canvass ev'ry
prayer

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Prefer-
ment's gate

Athirst for wealth and burning to be
great

Delusive Fortune hears th incessant call
They mount they shine evaporate and
fall

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend
Hate dogs their flight and insult mocks
their effid

Love ends with hope the sinking states
man's door

Pours in the morning worshipper no
more

For growing names the weekly scribbler
lies

To growing wealth the dedicator flies
From ev'ry room descends the painted
face

That hung the bright palladium of the
place

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THE VANITY OF

And smok'd in kitchens, or in auction sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold,
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?

Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings,
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes,
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r,

HUMAN WISHES

Till conquest unresisted ceased to please!
And rights submitted left him none to
seize
At length his sovereign frowns — the train
of state
Mark the keen glance and watch the sign
to hate
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's
eye
His suppliants scorn him and his followers
fly
Now drops at once the pride of awful
state
The golden canopy the glittering plate
The regal palace the luxurious board
The inviolate army and the mortal lord
With age with cares with maladies op-
press'd
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest
Grief aids disease remembered folly stings
And his last sighs reproach the faith of
kings
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble
peace repine —
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end
be thine?
Or livest thou now with surer pride con-
tent
The wisest justice on the banks of
Trent?

THE VANITY OF

For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate
On weak foundations raise th' enormous
weight?

Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's
blow,

With louder ruin, to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's
knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth and what exil'd
Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to
shine,

And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his
name,

The young enthusiast quits his ease for
fame,

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the
gown.

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours
spread,

And Baton's mansion trembles o'er his
head

Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious
youth,

And Virtue guard thee to the throne of
Truth!

HUMAN WISHES

Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat

Till captive Science yields her last retreat
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray

And pour on misty Doubt resistless day
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight

Nor praise relax nor difficulty fright
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain
Should Beauty blunt on sops her fatal dart

Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free

Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes

And pause awhile from Letters to be wise

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—

Toil envy want the patron and the gaol
See nations slowly wise and meanly just
To buried merit raise the tardy bust

THE 'VANITY OF

If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize
bestow's,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or
aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud!
From meaner minds' though 'smaller' fines
content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by 'dang'rous parts he meets
the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his 'death, ye blockheads, hear
and sleep
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The Senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous
tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia
whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the
world,
For such in distant lands, the Britons
shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the
Rhine

HUMAN WISHES

This power has pruse that virtue scarce
can warm
Till same supplies the universal charm
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal
game
Where wasted nations raise a single name
And mortgag'd states their grandsires
wreaths regret
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear bought
right convey
To rust on medals or on stones decay
On what foundation stands the warrior's
pride
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles
decide
A frame of adamant a soul of fire
No dangers fright him and no labours
tire
O'er love o'er fear extends his wide
domain
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain
No joys to him pacifick sceptres yield —
War sounds the trump he rushes to the
field
Behold surrounding kings their powers
combine
And one capitulate and one resign
Peace courts his hand but spreads her
charms in vain

THE VAINITY OF

"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till
naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards
fly,

And all be mine beneath the polar sky "
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait,
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost
He comes; nor want nor cold his course
delay,—

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken
bands,

And shows his miseries in distant lands,
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate
But did not Chance at length her error
mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the
ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand
He left, the name, at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral; or adorn a tale
All times their scenes of pompous woes
afford,

HUMAN WISHES

From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride
With half mankind embattled at his side
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain
prey

And starves exhausted regions in his way
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no
more

Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his
mind —

The waves he lashes and enchains the
wind

New powers are claim'd new powers are
still bestow'd

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial
show

And heap their valleys with the gaudy
foe

Th insulted sea with humbler thoughts he
gains

A single skiff to speed his flight remains
Th encumber'd oar scarce leaves the
dreaded coast

Through purple billows and a floating
host

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean
power

THE VANITY OF

With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his
sway

Short sway! — fair Austria spreads her
mournful charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in
arms,

From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of
praise,

The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the
war

The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring
bloom

Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
shame

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant
prays,

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to
know,

That life protracted is protracted woe
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons
pour,

The fruit autumnal and the vernal flow'r,

HUMAN WISHES

With listless eyes the dotard views the store
He views and wonders that they please no more
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns
Approach ye minstrels try the soothing strain
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain
No sounds alas! would touch th imperious ear
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong
The still returning tale and ling ring jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear
The watchful guests still hint the last offence
The daughter's petulance the sons expense
Improve his heady rage with trenchrous skill

THE VANITY OF

And mould his passions till they make
his will

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade,

But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled
hands,

His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands,
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he
dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate
prime

Bless with an age exempt from scorn or
crime,

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away,
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience
cheers,

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend
Such age there is, and who shall wish
its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune
flings,

To press the weary minutes' flagging
wings,

New sorrow rises as the day returns,

HUMAN WISHES

A sister sickens or a daughter mourns
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear
Year chases year decay pursues decay
Still drops some joy from withering life
away
New forms arise and different views
engage
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage
Till pitying Nature signs the last release
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace
But few there are whom hours like these
await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate
From Lydia's monarch should the search
descend
By Solon cautions to regard his end
In life's last scene what prodigies sur
prise—
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!
From Marlow rough's eyes the streams of
dotage flow
And Swift expires a drivler and a show
The teeming mother anxious for her
race
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty
spring
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleases a
king

THE VANITY OF

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be
wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,—
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with
art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless
charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth
your slave?
Against your fame with sconeness hate
combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance
falls
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the shipp'ry
reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in
vain
In crowd at once, where none the pass
defend,
The harmless freedom and the private
friend
The guardians yield, by force superior
ply'd
To Int'rest, Prudence, and to Flatt'ry,
Pride

HUMAN WISHES

Here Beauty fills betry d de pis d dis
tress d

And hissing Insury proclaims the rest
Where then shall Hope and Fear their
objects find?

Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant
mind?

Must helpless man in ignorance sedate
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm no wishes rise
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—
Enquirer cease petitions yet remain
Which Heavn may hear nor deem Re
ligion vain

Still raise for good the supplicating voice
But leave to Heavn the measure and the
choice

Safe in his pow r whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray r
Implore his aid in his decisions rest
Secure whatever he gives he gives the
best

Yet when the sense of sacred presence
fires

And strong devotion to the skies aspires
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful
mind

Obedient passions and a will resign d
For love which scarce collective man can
fill

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of
retreat
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n
ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the
pow'r to gain,
With these celestial Wisdom calms the
mind,
And makes the happiness she does not
find.

William Cowper

The Winter Evening

Hark! tis the twanging horn! O'er
yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful
length
Bestrides the wintry flood in which the
moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright
He comes the herald of a noisy world
With spatter'd boots stripp'd waist and
frozen locks
News from all nations lumbering at his
back
True to his charge the close pack'd lord
behind
Yet careless what he brings his one con-
cern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn
And having dropp'd th' expected bag—
pass on
He whistles as he goes light hearted
wretch
Cold and yet cheerful messenger of grief

THE WINTER EVENING

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles
wet

With tears that trickled down the writers'
cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent
swains,

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them
all

But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can
say

What are its tidings? have our troops
awak'd?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic
wave?

Is India free? and does she wear her
plum'd

And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand
debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know
them all,

THE WINTER EVENING

I burn to set th' imprisoned wranglers
free
And give them voice and utterance once
again
Now stir the fire and close the shutters
fast
Let fall the curtains wheel the sofa round
And while the bubbling and loud hissing
urn
Throws up a steamy column and the
cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on
each
So let us welcome peaceful evening in
Not such his evening who with slumbering
face
Sweats in the crowded theatre and
squeez'd
And bord with elbow points through both
his sides
Out scolds the ranting actor on the stage
Nor his who patient stands till his feet
throb
And his head thumps to feed upon the
breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This solo of four pages happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read

THE WINTER EVENING

Fast bound in chains of silence, which the
fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to
break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy
ridge
That tempts ambition On the summit,
see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them At
his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon' twists
him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his
turn
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take,
The modest speaker is ashamed and
grieved
T' engross a moment's notice, and yet
begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor
thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives
Sweet bashfulness' it claims, at least, this
praise
The dearth of information and good sense

THE WINTER EVENING

That it foretells us always comes to pass
Cataracts of declamation thunder here
There forests of no meaning spread the
page /

In which all comprehension wanders lost
While fields of pleasure amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion roses for the cheeks
And likes for the brows of faded age
Teeth for the toothless ringlets for the
bald

Hewn earth and ocean plunder'd of
their sweets

Nectarous essences Olympian dews
Sermons and city scists and favorite airs
Ethereal journeys submarine exploits
And Katterfelto with his hour on end
At his own wonders wond ring for his
bread

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of
retreat

To peep at such a world to see the stir
Of the great Babel and not feel the
crowd

To hear the roar she sends through all
her gates

At a safe distance where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th uninjur'd
ear /

THE WINTER EVENING

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem
advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal
height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them
all
It turns submitted to my view, turns
round
With all its generations, I behold
The tumult, and am still The sound of
war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me,
Grieves, but alarms me not I mourn
the pride
And av'rice that make man, a wolf to
man,
Hear the faint echo of those braven
throats,
By which he speaks^{the} language of his
heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land
to land,
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans,
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spicads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me

THE WINTER EVENING

He travels and I too I tread his deck
Ascend his topmast through his peering
eyes

Discover countries with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes
While fancy like the finger of a clock
Runs the great circuit and is still at
home !

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes
fill'd

Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips thy
cheeks

Fring'd with a beard made white with
other snows

Than those of age thy forehead wrapt in
clouds

A leafless branch thy sceptre and thy
throne

A sliding car indebted to no wheels
But urg'd by storms along its slippery
way;

I love thee all unlovely as thou seemst
And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdst
the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning East
Shortning his journey between morn and
noon

And hurrying him impatient of his stay
Down to the rosy West but londly still

THE WINTER EVENING

Follow the nimble singer of the fur
A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that
blow
With most success when all besides
decay
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the
rest .
The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet
sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord
shakes out
And the clear voice symphonious yet dis-
tinct
And in the charming strife triumphant
still
Beguile the night and set a keener edge
On female industry the threaded steel
Flies swiftly and unsent the task pro-
ceeds
The volume closed the customary rites
Of the last meal commence A Roman
meal
Such as the mistress of the world once
found
Delicious when her patriots of high note
Perhaps by moonlight at their humble
doors
And under in old oaks domestic shade
Enjoy'd spat feast! a radish and in egg

THE WINTER EVENING

Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one
group

The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its
cares

I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,

And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know
No rattling wheels stop short before these
gates,

No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these
doors

Till the street rings, no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless
of the sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and
quake

But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted
flow'r,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and
sprigs,

And curling tendrils, 'gracefully dispos'd,

THE WINTER EVENING

Follow the nimble finger of the fair
A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that
blow
With most success when all besides
decay
The poets or historian's pipe by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the
rest *

The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet
sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord
shakes out
And the clear voice symphonious yet dis
tinct
And in the charming strife triumphant
still
Beguile the night and set a keener edge
On female industry the threaded steel
Flies swiftly and unfelt the task pro
ceeds
The volume clos'd the customary rites
Of the last meal commence A Roman
meal
Such as the mistress of the world once
found
Delicious when her patriots of high note
Perhaps by moonlight at their humble
doors
And under an old oak's domestic shade
Enjoy'd spare feast! a radish and an egg

THE WINTER EVENING

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the
play

Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of
mirth,

Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his
praise

A jarring note Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing
wand,

That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
snare,

The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace
restor'd,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love
"Oh evenings worthy of the gods!"
exclaimed

The Sabine bard Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with noblest truths,
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of
lamps,

THE WINTER EVENING

The pent up breath of 'an unsavry
throng

To throw him into feeling or the smart
And snappish dialogue that flippant wits
Call comedy to prompt him with a smile?
The self complacent actor when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to th
roof

(As if one master spring controll'd them
all)

Relaxed into a universal grin
Sees not a countenance there^t that speaks
a joy

Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours
Cards were superfluous here with all the
tricks

That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain
To palliate dulne s and give time a shov^t
Time as he passes us has a dove's wing
Unsoil'd and swift and of a silken sound
But the world's time is Time in masquer
ide

Theirs should I paint him has his pinions
fledg'd

With motley plumes and where the pe'
cock shows

His azure eyes is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form

THE WINTER EVENING

Desires and prints it, that the world
may know
How far he went for what was nothing
worth
So I with brush in hand and pallet
spread
With colours mixed for a far different use
Paint cards and dolls and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights
Come I vening once again season of
peace
Return sweet I vening and continue long I
Metlinks I see thee in the streaky west
With matron step slow moving while the
night
Tricks on thy sweeping train one hand
employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose /
On bird and beast the other clasp'd for
man
With sweet oblivion of the care of day;
Not sumptuously adorn'd nor needful
and
Like houndly featured night of clustering
stars
A star or two just twinkling on thy
brow
Suffices thee to see that the moon is thine
No less than hers not worn indeed on
high

THE WINTER EVENING

Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely
graves

What should be, and what was an hour-
glass once,

Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive
scythe

Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom
fashion blinds

To his true worth, most pleas'd when
idle most,

Whose only happy are their wasted hours
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers
wore

The back-string and the bib, assume the
dress

Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the
game

But truce with censure Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how pro-
ceed?

As he that travels far, oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring
tow'r,

Which seen, delights him not, then com-
ing home.

THE WINTER EVENING

Describes and prints it; that the world
may know !
How far he went for what was nothing
worth
So I with brush in hand and pallet
spread
With colours mixed for a fir diff'rent use
Paint cards and dolls and ev'ry idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights
Come Evening once again season of
peace
Return sweet Evening and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west
With matron step slow moving while the
night
Treads on thy sweeping train one hand
employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose /
On bird and beast the other charg'd for
man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day
Not sumptuously adorn'd nor needful
aid
Like homely featured night of clustering
gems
A star or two just twinkling on thy
brow
Suffices thee save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on
high
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THE WINTER EVENING

Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking
mind
The mind contemplative with some new
theme
Pregnant or indispos'd alike to all
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial
powers
That never feel a stupor know no pause
Nor need one I am conscious and confess
Fearless a soul that does not always
think.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses
towns
Trees churches and strange visages ex-
press'd
In the red cinders while with poring eye
I gaz'd myself creating what I saw
Nor less amused have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous and foreboding in the view
Of superstition prophesying still
Though still deceiv'd some strangers
near approach
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd Meanwhile
the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation as the man

THE WINTER EVENING

Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd
and lost

Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing
blast,

That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
home

The recollected powers, and snapping
short

The glassy threads with which the fancy
weaves

Her brittle toys, restores me to myself
How calm is my recess, and how the
frost,

Raging abroad, and the rough wind,
endear

The silence and the warmth enjoy'd
within!

I saw the woods and fields at close of
day

A variegated show, the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately
wav'd

The golden harvest, of a nellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the fo ceful share

I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd

By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb, while all the leafless
groves

THE WINTER EVENING

That skirt th horizon wore a sable
hue
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of
eve
To-morrow ! brings a change, a total
change !
Which even now though silently per
form'd
And slowly and by most unfelt the face
Of universal nature undergoes
Fast falls a fleecy shov'r the downy
flakes
Descending and with never ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below /
Assimilate all objects Earth receives /
Gladly the thickning mantle and the
green
And tender blade that fear'd the chilling
blast
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil
In such a world so thorny, and where
none /
Finds happiness unblighted or if found
Without some thistly sorrow at its side ;
It seems the part of wisdom and no sin
Against the law of love to measure lots ;
With less distinguished than ourselves,
that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate
ills /

THE WINTER EVENING

And sympathise with others, suffering more
Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels, and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downw'rd, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests He, form'd
to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous
night,
With half-shut eyes and pucker'd cheeks,
and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on
One hand secures his hat, save when
with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain
Oh happy! and in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou

THE WINTER EVENING

Thy frame robust and hardy feels indeed
The piercing cold but feels it unimpurd
The learnèd finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse and the unhealthful
East
That breathes the spleen and searches
every bone
Of the infirm is wholesome air to thee
Thy days roll on exempt from household
care
The wagon is thy wife and the poor
beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro
Thine helpless charge dependent on thy
care
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou ap
pearst
Yet show that thou hast mercy which the
great
With needless hurry whirl'd from place
to place
Humane as they would seem not always
show
Poor yet industrious modest quiet
neat
Such claim compassion in a night like
this
And have a friend in evry feeling heart
Warm'd while it lasts by labour all day
long

THE WINTER EVENING

They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparingly, time to cool
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys
The few small embers left she nurses well,
And while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in' his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil,
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs
The taper soon extinguisht'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declin'd, and the brown loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without
 sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter costher still,
Sleep seems their only refug'e for, alas!
Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,

THE WINTER EVENING

And sweet colloquial pleasures are but
 few ;
With all this thirst they thrive not All
 the care
Ingenious parsimony takes but just
Saves the small inventory bed and stool
Skillet and old carv'd chest from public
 sale
They live and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands but other boast
 have none
To soothe their honest pride that scorns
 to beg
Nor comfort else but in their mutual
 love ;
I praise you much ye meek and patient
 pair ;
For ye are worthy choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust hard earn'd
And eaten wth a sigh than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office partial in the work ;
Of distribution liberal of their aid
 ; To clam rous importunity in rags ;
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants who would
 ; blush ; ;
To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth ;
These asked with painful shyness and
 refus'd ; ;

THE WINTER EVENING

Because deserving, silently retire
But be ye of good courage Time itself
Shall much befriend you Time shall give
increase,
And all your num'rous progeny; well-
train'd
But helpless, in few years shall find their
hands,
And labour too Meanwhile ye shall not
want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can
spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may
send
I mean the man who, when the distant
poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his
name

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me
still
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly
bliss,
But there I laid the scene There early
stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice.

THE WINTER EVENING

Had found me or the hope of being free!
My very dreams were rural⁴ rural too
The first born efforts of my youthful muse
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their
powers

No bard could please me but whose lyre
was tun'd

To Nature's praises Heroes and their
feats

Fatigued me never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus assembling as he sang
The rustic throng beneath his favorite
beech

Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms
New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence I danc'd for joy
I marvell'd much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years his beauties had
then first

Engag'd my wonder and admiring still:
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner
found

Thee too enimour'd of the life I lov'd
Pathetic in its pruse in its pursuit
Determined and possessing it at last
With transports such as favour'd lovers
feel

THE WINTER EVENING

I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had
known " " "

Ingenious Cowley¹ and though now re-
claim'd

By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd,
Though stretch'd at ease at Chertsey's
silent bow'rs,

Not unemploy'd, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse "
'Tis born with all the love of Nature's
works

Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind
And though th' Almighty Maker has
throughout , ,

Discriminated each from each, by strokes,
And touches of his hand, with so much
art

Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in
all, , , ,

That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste their minds that have
been form'd , ,

And tutor'd with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none un-
mov'd

THE WINTER EVE VIAG

THE WINTER EVENING

What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling²¹ Are they not
all proofs
That man, inimured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of
life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall
bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs
with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct, overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly There the pitcher
stands
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there,
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and
ease

²¹ Mignonette

THE WINTER EVENING

And contemplation heart consoling joys
And harmless pleasures in the throng'd
abode

• Of multitudes unknown! hail rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours or emolument or fame
I shall not add myself to such a chace
Thwart his attempts or envy his success
Some must be great Great offices will
have

Creat talents and God gives to every
man

The virtue temper understanding taste
That lifts him into life and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill
To the deliverer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t enlarge upon a
heart

To se I and courage to redress her wrongs
To monarchs dignity to judges sense
To artists ingenuity and skill
To me an unambitious mind content
In the low vale of life that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I
wished

Robert Burns

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The Twa Dogs



'Twas in that place o' Scotland's Isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearin' thro' the afternoon
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame
Forgather'dance upon a tune

The first I'll name they ca'd him Cæsar
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure
His hair his size his mouth his lugs
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs
But whalpit some place far abroad
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod

His lock'd letter'd braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar
But though he was o' hugh degree
The fient a pride nae pride had he
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tunkler gypsy's messin'
At kirk or market mill or smiddie
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie

Cæsar

I've often wonder'd honest Luath
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have
An' when the gentry's life I saw
What way poor bodies h'v'd ava

Our laird gets in his rack'd rents
His coals his luv in a his stents
He rises when he likes himself
His flunkies answer at the bell
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang s my tail whare thro the steeks
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks

Frae morn to even it's nought but toiling
At baling roasting frying boiling
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce ragouts and sickle trashtrie
That's little short o' downright wastrie
Our whipper-in wee blastit wonner
Poor worthless elf it eats a dinner
Better than any tenant man
His honour has in a the lan
An' what poor cot folk pit their painch in
I own it's past my comprehension

THE TWAI DOGS

Luath

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
eneugh,
A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Bairing a quarry, and sic like,
Himsel'; a wifc, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nougnt but his h'm' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' ripe

An' when they meet wi' sair disisters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger
But, how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wondersu' contented,
An' buirdly chiel's, an' clever huzzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is

Cæsar

But then to see how ye're negleikit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrepectit?
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock

I've notic'd on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,

THE TWA DOGS

Poor tenant bodies scant o cash i
How they maun thole a factor's snash /
He'll stamp an threaten curse an swear
He'll apprehend them poind their gear
While they maun stan wi aspect humble
An hear it a, an fear an tremble! '

I see how folk live that hae riches
But surely poor folk maun be wretches? ;

"Luath"

They're nae sae wretched sane wad think
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight
The view' o' t gies them little fright

Then chalice an fortune are sae guided
They're ay'e in less or mair provided
An tho' fatigued wi' close employment
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an faifull wives
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a their fire side

An whyles twalennie worth o nappy
Can mak the bodies unto happy
They lay aside their private cares
To mind the Kirk and State affairs

THE TWA DOGS

They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting lums,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation,
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win',
The nappy reeks wi' manthng ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam,
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will,
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre asten play'd,
There's monie a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridesu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himself' the faster

THE TWA DOGS

In favour wi some gentle master
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin
For Britain's guid his saul indentin —

Cæsar

Haith lad ye little ken about it
For Britain's guid' guid faith! I doubt it!
Say rather gaun as premiers lead him
An saying ay or no s they bid him
At operas an plays parading
Mortgaging gambling masquerading
Or maybe in a frolic daft
To Hague or Calais takes a wrist
To make a tour an tak a whirl
To learn bon ton an see the worl

There at Vienna or Versailles
He rives his father's auld entrails
Or by Madrid he takes the rout
To thrum guitars and fecht wi nowt
Or down Italianah vista startle
Love making among groves o myrtles
Then bowses drumly German water
To mak himsel look fair and fatter
An clear the consequential sorrows
Love gifts of carnival signoras

For Britain guid'—for her destruction!
Wi dissipation feud an faction!

THE TWAI DOGS

Luath

Hech, man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at first?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsel's wi' kintra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cott'ri
For thae frank, rautin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-heerted fellows,
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moer-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cesar,
Sure gie it folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them

Cæsar

L—d, 'man, were ye but whyles whare
I am;
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or summer's heat,

THE TWY DOGS

They've nae sair wark to craze their banes
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes
But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges and schools
That when nae real ills perplex them
They make enow thiemselv's to vex them
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them
In like proportion less will hurt them

A country fellow at the pleugh
His acres tilled he's right eneugh
A country girl at her wheel
Her dizzens done she's unco weel
But gentlemen an' ladies warst
Wi' ev'n down want o' work are curst
They loiter lounging lank an' lazy
Tho' deil haet ails them yet uneasy
Their days insipid dull and tasteless
Their nights unquiet lang and restless

An' even their sports their balls an' races
Their galloping thro' public places
There's sic parade sic pomp an' art
The joy can scarcely reach the heart

The men cast out in party matches
Then sowther a' in deep debauches
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
wh ring
Niest day their life is past enduring

THE TWA DOGS

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o'-ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty,
Or lee-lang nights, wi' rabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks,
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard

There's some exception, man an' woman,
But this is gentry's life in common :

By this the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan,
When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*,
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day

The Cotter's Saturday Night

My lov'd my honor'd much respected friend!

No mercenary baird his homage pays
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end
My dearest meed a friend's esteem
and praise

To you I sing in simple Scottish lays
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene

The native feelings strong the guileless ways

What Aiken in a cottage would have been

Ah! tho' his worth unknown far happier there I ween

November chill blows loud wi angry sigh

The shortning winter day is near a close

The miry beasts retreating fr'e the pleugh

The blackning trains o crows to their repose

SATURDAY NIGHT

Some on the pleugh some herd some
tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town
Their eldest hope their Jenny woman
grown

In youthfu bloom love sparkling in
her ee
Comes hime perhaps to show a braw
new gown

Or deposite her sair won penny fee
To help her parents dear if they in hard
ship be

We joy unsign'd brothers and sisters
meet

An erch for others welfare kindly
spiers

The social hours swift wing'd unnoticed
fleet

Each tells the uncos that he sees or
hears

The parents partial eye their hopeful
years

Anticipation forward points the view
The mother wi her needle an her
sheers

Gars auld claes look amast as weel s
the new

The father mixes a wi admonition due

SATURDAY NIGHT

With heart struck anibus care in
quires his name
While Jenny haflins is afraid to
speak
Weel pleasd the mother hears it s nae
wild worthless rake

41

Wi kindly welcome Jenny brings him
ben
A strappin youth he taks the mothers
eye
Blythe Jenny sees the visit s no ill taken
The father cracks of horses pleughs
and kye
The youngster s artless heart overflows
wi joy
But blate and laithfu scarce can
weel behave
The mother wi a womans wiles can
spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu
an sae grave
Weel pleasd to think her bairn s respected
like the lave

O happy love!—where love like this is
found!—

O heart felt raptures! blss beyond
compare! " "

SATURDAY NIGHT

But now the supper crowns their simple board

The halesome parritch chief o' Scotia's food

The soupe their only hawkie does afford
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood

The dame brings forth in complimentary mood

To grace the lad her well haur'd kebbuck fell

An aft he's prest an aft he ca's it guid
The frugal wifie garrulous will tell
How twas a towmond auld sm' lint was

in the bell

The cheerfu supper done wi serious face

: They round the ingle form a circle wide

The sire turns o'er wi patriarchal grace
The big ha Bible ance his father's pride

His bonnet reverently is laid aside

His lyart haffets wearing thin an bare
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide

He wales a portion with judicious care
And Let us worship God! he says with solemn air

SATURDAY NIGHT

Perhaps the Christian volume is, the theme
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed
How He who bore in heaven the second
name | | |
Had not on earth whereon to lay his
head ||
How his first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land |
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King ||
The saint the father and the husband
prays
Hope springs exulting on triumphant
wing |
That thus they all shall meet in future
days
There ever bask in uncreated rays
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society yet still more dear
While circling Time moves round in an
eternal sphere

THE COTTER'S

"Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language
of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor
enrol

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest,
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the
best,
For them and for their little ones pro-
vide,
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside

SATURDAY NIGHT

From scenes like these old Scotia's grun
deur springs
That makes her lov'd at home rever'd
abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings
An honest man's the noblest work of
God
And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far be
hind
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous
load
Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind
Studied in arts of hell in wickedness re
find!

O Scotia! my dear my native soill
For whom my warmest wish to
Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health and peace and
sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and
vile!
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd isle

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-
daunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot, and the patriot
bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

George Crabbe

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS

From Truth and Nature shall we widely
stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the
way?

No, cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys
boast,

Where other cares than those the Muse
relates,

And other shepherds dwell with other
mates,

By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will
not

Nor you, ye Poor, of letter'd scorn com-
plain,

To you the smoothest song is smooth in
vain,

O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by
time,

Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?

Can poets soothe you, when you pine for
bread,

By winding myrtles round your ruin'd
shed?—

Can their light tales your weighty griefs
o'erpower,

Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome
hour?

The Convict's Dream



(FROM THE BOROUGH,
LETTER XXIII)

Yes' e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain
He sees the judge and jury — when he shakes,
And loudly cries "Not guilty", and awakes
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep
Now comes the dream again it shows each scene
With each small circumstance that comes between,
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede,

THE CONVICT'S DREAM

Give him her arm, of blessings let them
talk
Yes¹ all are with him now, and all the
while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's
smile
Then come his sister and his village
friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments
spend
Life has to yield,—No¹ never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind
He goes through shrubby walks these
friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the
" tongue
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature
shows,
The bloom is softer and more sweetly
glows
Pierced by no crime and urged by no de-
sire
For more than true and honest hearts re-
quire,
They feel the calm delight, and thus
proceed
Through the green lane—then linger in
the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple
bloom,

THE CONVICT'S DREAM

And search for crimson weeds, which
spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below,
With all those bright red pebbles, that
the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines
upon
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering
by
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they ad-
mire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire—
Tokens of bliss! “Oh! horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises — Save me, Edward!
save!”
She cries — Alas! the watchman on his
way
Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and the
day!

STROLLING PLAYERS

Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress
Slaves though ye be, your wandering
freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless
schemes, ; ,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys
are dreams

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Are yours, ye smiling children of distress
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1

The Founder of the Alms house

(P O M T I P O D U C H
L TTER XII)

Leave now our streets and in yon plain
behold
Those pleasant Seats for the reduced and
old
A Merchant's gift whose wife and children
died
When he to saving all his powers applied
He wore his coat till bare was every
thread
And with the meanest fire his body fed
He had a female cousin who with care
Walk'd in his steps and leurn'd of him
to spare
With emulation and success they strode
Improving still still seeking to improve
As if that useful knowledge they would
gain—
How little food would human life sustain

THE FOUNDER OF

No pauper came their table's crumbs to crave,
Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they gave
When beggars saw the frugal Merchant pass,
It moved their pity and they said "Alas!
Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they felt
A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt
The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door;
While they who saw him bare but thought him rich,
To show respect or scorn they knew not which
But while our Merchant seemed so base and mean,
He had his wanderings, sometimes "not unseen",
To give in secret was a favourite act;
Yet more than once they took him in the fact.
To scenes of various woe he nightly went,
And serious sums in healing misery spent,
Oft has he cheered the wretched at a rate
For which he daily might have dined on plate,
He has been seen—his hair all silver white,

THE ALMS HOUSE

Shaking and shivering—as he stole by
night

To feed unenvied on his still delight
A twofold taste he had to give and spare
Both were his duties and had equal care
It was his joy to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast
Tears in his eyes would spite of him appear

But he from other eyes has kept the tear
All in a wintry night from far he came
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame

Whose husband robb'd him and to whom
he meant

A ling ring but reforming punishment
Home then he walk'd and found his
anger rise

When fire and tushlight met his troubled
eyes

But these extinguish'd, and his prayer
address'd

To Heaven in hope! he calmly sank to
rest

1 STORM ON THE EAST COAST

Nor one moment in its station
dwells !
But nearer land you may the billows trace
As if contending in their watery chase
May watch the mightiest till the shoal
they reach ,
Then break and hurry to their utmost
stretch
Curd as they come they strike with
furious force
And then resowing take their grating
course
Raking the rounded flints which ages
past
Roll'd by their rage and shall to ages
last
Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood or flutters in the
spry
She rises often often drops again
And sports at ease on the tempestuous
main
High o'er the restless deep, above the
reach
Of gunner's hope vast flocks of Wild
duck stretch
Far as the eye can glance on either side
In a broad space and level line they glide
All in their wedge like figures from the
north

A STORM ON THE EAST COAST

Day after day, flight after flight, go forth
In-shore their passage tribes of Sea-gulls
urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping
surge,
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn and all their force
apply,
While to the storm they give their weak
complaining cry,
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the
breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest
Darkness begins to reign, the louder
wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer
mind,
But frights not him whom evening and
the spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way;
Lo, he has something seen, he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase,
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search
in vain?"
Grimly he answers, "'T is a sorry sight!
A seaman's body there'll be more to-
night!"

AN ENTANGLEMENT

And one yet crawls on earth, of whom, I
say,

That what he has he cannot take away
Her mother's father, one who has a store
Of this world's goods and always looks for
more,

But, next his money, loves the girl at
heart,

And she will have it when they come to
part"

"Sir," said the youth, his terrors all
awake,

"Hear me, I pray, I beg—for mercy's
sake!"

Sir, were the secrets of my soul confess'd,
Would you admit the truths that I protest
Are such—your pardon—"

"Pardon, good my friend,
I not alone will pardon, I command,
Think you that I have no remembrance
left

Of youthful love and Cupid's cunning
theft?

How nymphs will listen when their swains
persuade,

How hearts are gained and how exchange
is made?

Come, sir, your hand—"

"In mercy hear me now!"

"I cannot hear you, time will not allow

AN ENTANGLEMENT

You know my station what on me depends
For ever needed—but we part as friends

And here comes one who will the whole explain

My better self—and we shall meet again
Sir I entreat—

‘Then be entreaty made
To her, a woman one you may persuade
A little teasing but she will comply
And loves her niece too fondly to deny

O’ he is mad and miserable II
Exclaimed the Youth but let me now collect

My scattered thoughts I something must effect

Hurrying she came— Now what has he confess’d

Ere I could come to set your heart at rest?
What! he has grieved you! Yet he too approves

The thing! but man will tease you if he loves

But now for business tell me did you think

That we should always at your meetings wink?

Think you you walk’d unseen? There are who bring

To me all secrets—O you wicked thing!!

AN ENTANGLEMENT

Poor Fanny! now I think I see her blush,
All red and rosy, when I beat the bush,
And 'Hide your secret,'—said I,—'if you
dare'

'So out it came like an affrighten'd hare
'Miss!' said I, gravely and the trem-
bling maid

Pleased me at heart to see her so afraid,
And then she wept,—now, do remember
this,

Never to chide her when she does amiss,
For she is tender as the callow bird,
And cannot bear to have her temper
stirr'd,—

'Fanny,' I said, then whisper'd her the
name,

And caused such looks—yes, yours are just
the same,

But hear my story—When your love was
known

For this our child—she is in fact our own—
Then, first debating, we agreed at last
To seek my Lord and tell him what had
passed "

"To tell the Earl?"

"Yes truly, and why not?
And then together we contrived our plot "
"Eternal God!"

"Nay, be not so surprised,—
In all the matter we were well advised,

ENTANGLEMENT

We saw my Lord
there
And said to John-
son— Johnson take a
True we are servant
But in the higher place
We are obey'd in ours, in a certain way
obey— so are they
So Johnson bow'd for that they in theirs
fit
And had no scruple with the was right and
Why look you so impatient ?
What they debated? You m' Earl to sit—
well while I tell
just like it

That evening all in fond discourse
spent
When the sad lover to his chamber went
To think on what had passed to grieve
and to repent
Early he rose and look'd with many a
sigh
On the red light that fill'd the eastern
sky
Oft had he stood before alert and gay
To hail the glories of the new born day
But now dejected languid listless low
He saw the wind upon the water blow
And the cold stream curl'd onward as the
gale

AN ENTANGLEMENT

From the pine hill blew marshly down the dale,
On the right side the youth a wood survey'd,
With all its dark intensity of shade,
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,
When now the young are rear'd, and when the old,
Lost to the eye grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen,
Before him swallows gathering for the sea,
Took their short flights and twitter'd on the lea,
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun,
All these were sad in nature, or they took Sadness from time, the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile

William Wordsworth

(897)

-69-

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The Reverie of Poor Susan

At the corner of Wood Street when day
light appears
Hangs a thrush that sings loud- it has
sung for three years'
Poor Susan has passed by the spot and
has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird

'Tis a note of enchantment what ails
her? She sees
A mountain ascending a vision of trees
Bright volumes of vapour through Loth
bury glide
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves

She looks, and her heart is 'in heaven'
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade
The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from
her eyes

Expostulation and Reply

Why William on that old gray stone
Thus for the length of half a day
Why William, sit you thus alone
And dream your time away?

Where are your books?—that might be
queathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind,
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed,
From dead men to their kind

You look round on your Mother Earth
As if she for no purpose bore you
As if you were her first born birth
And none had lived before you!

One morning thus by Esthwaite lake
When life was sweet I knew not why
To me my good friend Matthew spake
And thus I made reply

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

“The eye—it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still,
Our bodies feel, where'er they be
Against, or with our will

“Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness

“Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

—“Then ask' not wherefore, here, ' alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upoñ this 'old gray stone,
And 'dream 'm'y time awaÿ ”

The Tables Turned

AN EV IN
SC E, ON THE
S ME J CT

Up! up! my Friend and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double
Up! up! my Friend and clear your looks
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread
His first sweet evening yellow

Books! tis a dull and endless strife
Come hear the woodland linnet
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He too is no mean preacher
Come forth into the light of things
Let Nature be your teacher

THE TABLES TURNED

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
—We murder to dissect

Enough of Science and of Art,
Close up those barren leaves
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives

Lines

COMPOSED A FEW MILES
BETWEEN THE TOWN
OF NEW YORK AND
THE RIVER DELAWARE.



Five years have passed five summers with
the length

Of five long winter's and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain
springs

With a soft inland murmur¹ Once again
Do I behold the steep and lofty cliff
That on a wild secluded scene impresses
The thoughts of more deep seclusion and
content

The landscape with the quiet of the sky
The day is come when I enjoy repose
Here under this dark sycamore and in a
These plots of cottages round these orchard tufts

¹ The river is not "fed by the sides of a
mountain" as in Twelfth

TINTERN ABBEY

Which, at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses

Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,
little lines

Of sportive wood run wild, these pastoral
farms

Green to the very door, and wreaths of
smoke,

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might
seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods,

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The Hermit sits alone

Those beauteous forms
Through a long absence have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's
eye

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the
din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

TINTERN ABBEY

Felt in the blood and felt nlong the heart

And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration --feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure such perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life
His little nameless unremembered act
Of kindness and of love Nor less I trust

To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime than blessed mood

In which the burthen of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened --that serene and blessed mood
In which th afflictions gently lead us on --
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony and the deep power of joy /
We see into the life of things

If this

Be but a vain belief yet oh! how oft-- /
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight when the fretful stir

TINTERN ABBEY

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart—

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through
the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with the
sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first

I came among these hills, when like a
roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led, more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one

Who sought the thing he loved For
Nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,

TINTERRA ABBEY

And their glad animal movements all
gone by)

To me was all in all I cannot print
What then I was The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion the tall rock
The mountain and the deep and gloomy
wood

Their colours and their forms were then
to me

An appetite a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye That time is
past

And all its aching joys are now no more
And all its dizzy raptures Not for this
I mourn nor murmur other
gifts

Have followed for such loss I would be
lieve

Abundant recompence For I have learned
To look on Nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth but hearing often
times

The still sad music of humanity)
Not harsh nor grating though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts a sense sublime

TINTERN ABBEY

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we be-
hold

From this green earth, of all the mighty
world

Of eye and ear, both what they half
create,¹

And what perceive, well pleased to recog-
nize

In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,

¹ This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect

TINTI RN ABBEY

If I were not thus taught should I the
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the
banks ii

Of this fair river thou my dearest Friend
My dear dear Friend and in thy voice,I
catch

The language of my former heart and
read,

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once
My dear dear Sister! And this prayer I
 make

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her tis her privi-
lege

Through all the years of this our life to
lead

From joy to joy for she can so inform
The mind that is within us so impress
With quietness and beauty and so feed,
With lofty thoughts that neither evil
tongues

Rash judgments nor the sneers of selfish men

Nor greetings where no kindness is nor, all
The dreary intercourse of daily life , ,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb

TINTERN ABBEY

Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings Therefore let the
“ moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh!
then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful
stream
We stood together, and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
“ zeal

TINTERA ABBEY

Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings many years
Of absence these steep woods and lofty
cliffs

And this green pastoral landscape were
to me , I
More dear both for themselves and for
thy sake

Lines

WRITTEN IN
EARLY SPRING



I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sit reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man

Through primrose tufts, in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure

EARLY SPRING

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air
And I must think do all I can
That there was pleasure there u.
 u.
If this belief from heaven be sent
If such be Nature's holy plan, .
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man? .

I I I

Lucy Gray; " " " " **Or, Solitude**

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break' of day,
The solitary child

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow "

"That, Father, will I gladly do!
'T is scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon "

LUCY GRAIN OR SOLITUDE

At this the Father raised his hook!
And snapped a faggot band
He plied his work —and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand

Not blither is the mountain doe
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time
She wandered up and down
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide

At daybreak 'on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door

They wept—and turning homeward cried
In heaven we all shall meet! —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet

LUCY GRAY, OR, SOLITUDE

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall

And then an open field they crossed.
The marks were still the same,
They track'd them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray,
Upon the lonesome wild

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Ancient Mariner

" PART I

It is an ancient Mariner
And he stoppeth ont of three
By thy long grey beard and glittering
eye
Now wherefore stopp st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin
The guests are met the feast is set
May st hear the merry din "

He holds him with his shanny hand
There was a ship quoth he
Hold off' unhand me grey bearded loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he

He holds him with his glittering eye--
The Wedding Guest stood still
And listens like a three years child
The Mariner hath his will

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mist at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud brassoon

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she,
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And now the storm blast came¹ and he
Was tyrannous and strong 1 1
He struck with his oertaking wings
And chased us south along

With sloping masts and dipping prow
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And toward bends his head
The ship drove fast loud roared the blast
And southward aye we fled 1

And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold
And ice mast high came floating by 1
As green as emerald

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen 1
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between

The ice was here the ice was there
The ice was all around 1
It cracked and growled and roared and
howled
Like noises in a swound]

At length did cross an Albatross 1 1
Thorough the fog it came 1 1

THE ANCIENT MARINER

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up be-
hind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles ill the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine"

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-
bow
I shot the Albatross,"

PART II

"The Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Still hid in mist and on the left ||
Went down into the sea |

And the good south wind still blew be
hind ||

But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners hollo! |

And I had done a hellish thing
And it would work em woe
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow
Ah wretch! said they the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprise |
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist
Twas right said they such birds to
slay |
That bring the fog and mist

The fair breeze blew the white foam
flew | | |
The furrow followed free ||
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea | | ||

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,

'T was sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea'

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

"Water, water, everywhere,
And' all the boards'did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

"The very deep did rot O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like, a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow

*And every tongue through utter drought
Was withered at the root
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung

PART III

There passed a weary time Each throat
Was parched and glazed each eye
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky

At first it seemed a little speck
And then it seemed a mist
It moved and moved and took at last
A certain shape, I wist

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail,
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats 'unslaked,' with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad,bright,Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And straught the Sun was flecked with
bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grite he peered
With broad and burning face

Alas! (thought I and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the
Sun
Did peer as through a grite?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red her looks were free
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin w^t is white is leprosy
The Nightmare Life in Death w^ts she
Who thickens man's blood with cold

The naked hulk alongside came
And the twin were casting dice
The game is done! I've won! I've won!
Quoth she and whistles thrice

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark

"We listened and looked sideways up'
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART IV

I fear thee ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea sand

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown —
Fear not fear not thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down

Alone alone all all alone
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

The many men so beautifull
And they all dead did lie
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on and so did I

I looked upon the rotting sea
And drew my eyes away
I looked upon the rotting deck
And there the dead men lay

I looked to heaven and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust

THE ANCIENT MARINER

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high,
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread,
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes
They moved in tracks of shining white
And when they reared the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire
Blue glossy green and velvet black
They coiled and swam and every track
Was a flash of golden fire

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare
A spring of love gushed from my heart
And I blessed them unaware
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware

The selfsame moment I could pray
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!

THE ANCIENT MARINER

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke, it rained

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank,
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost

"And soon I heard a roaring wind
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And the coming wind did roar more loud
And the sails did sigh like sedge
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud
The Moon was at its edge

The thick black cloud was cleft and
still
The Moon was at its side
Like waters shot from some high crag
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide

The loud wind never reached the ship
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan

They groaned they stirred they all up
rose
Nor spake nor moved their eyes
It had been strange even in a dream
To have seen those dead men rise

The helmsman steered the ship moved
on
Yet never a breeze up blew
The mariners all gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do

THE ANCIENT MARINER

They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew

“The body of my brother’s son
Stood by me, knee to knee
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me”

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”
“Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest

“For when it dawning—they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast,
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun,
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing,
Sometimes all little birds that are,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning'

And now twas like all instruments
Now like a lonely flute
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute

It ceased yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune

Till noon we quietly sailed on
Yet never a breeze did breathe
Slowly and smoothly went the ship
Moved onward from beneath

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit shd and it was he
That made the ship to go
The sails at noon left off their tune
And the ship stood still also

The Sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean
But in a minute she gan stir

THE ANCIENT MARINER

With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion

“Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoon

“How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare,
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air

“‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross

“‘The spirit who biddeth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow’

“The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew,
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do’”

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART VI

First Voice

But tell me tell me! speak again
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice

Still as a slave before his lord
The ocean hath no blast
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may I now which way to go
For she guides him smooth or grim
See brother see! how graciously
She looketh down on him

First Voice

But why drives on that ship so fast
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice

The air is cut away before
And closes from behind

Fly brother fly! more high more high!
Or we shall be belated

THE ANCIENT MARINER

For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather
'T was night, calm night, the Moon was
high,
The dead men stood together

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter

"The pang, the curse, with which they
died,
Had never passed away
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray

"And now this spell was snapt once
more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade

It raised my hair it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears
Yet it felt like a welcoming

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship
Yet she sailed softly too
Sweetly sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour bar
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake my God!
Or let me sleep alway

' The harbour bay was clear as glass
So smoothly it was strewn'

THE ANCIENT MARINER

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were.
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light,

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—

THE ANCIENT MARINER

No voice but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart

But soon I heard the dash of oars
I heard the Pilot's cheer
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy
I heard them coming fast
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast

I saw a third—I heard his voice
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood
He'll shrieve my soul he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree

He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The boat came close beneath the lip
And straight a sound was heard

Under the water it rumbled on
Still louder and more dread
It reached the ship it split the bay
The ship went down like lead

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound
Which sky and ocean smote
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat spun round and round
And all was still save that the hill
Was telling of the sound

I moved my lip —the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit

I took the oars the Pilot's boy
Who now doth crazy go
Laughed loud and long and all the while
His eyes went to and fro

THE ANCIENT MARINER

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there
But in the garden bower the bride
And bride maids singing are
And hark the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be

O sweeter than the marriage feast
'T is sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray
While each to his great Father bends
Old men and babes and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell farewell! but this I tell
To thee thou Wedding Guest!—
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small

Adam Skirving



Johnnie Cope



Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar
Charlie meet me in ye daur
And I'll learn you the art o' war
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning

Hey Johnnie Cope! are ye wakin' ye?
Or are your drums a beatin' yet?
If ye were wakin' I would want
To gang to the coals i' the morning

When Charlie looked the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from
Come follow me my merrie men
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn
ing

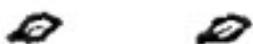
Hey Johnnie Cope! &c

Now Johnnie be as good as your word
Come let us try baith fire and sword
And dinna flee like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morn
ing

Hey Johnnie Cope! &c

Jane Elliot

The Flowers of the Forest



I've heard them hitting at the ewe milking
Lasses a hitting before the dawn of day
But now they are moaning on ilka green
loaning

The flowers of the Forest are a weede away

At buights in the morning nae blythe lads
are scorning

Lasses are lonely and downie and we
Are daffing nae gabbing but sighing and
sibbing

Ill the lifts her leggin and lies her awy

In her t at the sheering nae youths now
are jeering

Bandsters are runkled and hyst or grun
At fur or at preaching nae wooing nae
sleeching

The flowers of the Forest are a weede away

At even in the gloaming nae youngers
are courting

Bout staks with the lasses at bocht to
play

